MAN

SUPERIOR TO

WOMAN:

OR, THE

Natural Right of the MEN

TO

Sovereign Authority over the WOMEN,

Asserted and Defended.

BEING AN

ANSWER

To that celebrated TREATISE intitled,

Woman not inferior to Man, &c.

INTERSPERSED WITH

A Variety of Characters of different Kinds of WOMEN, drawn from the Life.

To which is prefixed

A DEDICATION to the LADIES.

By a GENTLEMAN.

Fools they must have, or else they cannot sway:
For none but Fools will *Womankind* obey.
Some Few with Beauty may subdue the Strong;
A mighty Empire! but it lasts not long.
Th'obsequious Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise. DRYDEN.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the *Golden-Lion* in *Ludgate-street*. 17[illegible].

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

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DEDICATION.

To the LADIES,

IF openly to attack so fair and favourite a Part of human Society as you are, should seem a confident Attempt; it will appear a much bolder one, to lay at your Feet, for Approbation, the very Instrument of your Pain, still warm and reeking from the Wound it has given you. Methinks I see some pretty Lady pouting with an Indignation so amiable, that a Man would almost, for the sake of beholding, purposely study to pique her. What! says the charming, peevish Thing, is not striking at our Honour in every tender Part, an Injury great enough, unless the Aggressor insult us with the very Weapon which has just executed his cruel Purpose? Must we not only feel the barbarous Edge of his ungenerous Satire, but be taunted with a Dedication of it?

And truly, I must own, if we are to judge of Things by their first Appearances, the angry Fair-one's *Transport is not quite unreasonable. But still,* Ladies, *if you allow yourselves Leisure to reflect, you will not only be far from considering me as an insolent Enemy, but will look upon it as your common Interest to acknowledge me a generous Friend. Examine but the Nature of the Operation I have performed, and the Disease which made it necessary, and you will consider me in the true Character I act in; which is not that of a mercileſs Assassin, whose End is Destruction, but that of an honourable Surgeon, who makes no Incision but to let in a Cure where it is wanting.*

As I have employed a good deal of Time in the Study of your fair Beings, I could not help discovering, in several of you, many visible Tumours, in Mind and Heart, which, like Pimples on your Faces, were injurious to your real Charms, and obstructive of the rational Delight you were born to receive and bestow. Nevertheless,

*vertheleſs, the ſame tender Reſpect, which made me anxious in wiſhing you an effectual Riddance of them, reſtrained me from attempting to remove them myſelf; I ſaw no probable Means of ſucceeding to my Wiſh, but by ſuch an Operation as muſt give exquiſite Smart to ſome, however beneficial it was likely to prove to all. But when I ſaw a raſh * Hand from among your fair Selves indiſcreetly buſied in clogging your Evils, already too dangerous, with the more dangerous Poultice of Pride and Ambition, I thought it high time to ſpare you the threatening Gangrene, at the Expence of ſome Anguiſh, by applying, where neceſſary, the Lancet of Satire, to let out thoſe Impoſthumes, which the pretty, undeſigning Traitreſs was labouring to render incurable.*

I would beg fair Sophia's *Pardon for giving her the Title of* Traitreſs, *if I did not think the Epithet* undeſigning *ſufficient to compenſate for Apologies. I am far from imagining, ſhe had the leaſt ſiniſter View in the Work ſhe has publiſhed: On the contrary, I am inwardly convinced, her Intentions were excellent. For though I have not the Honour or Happineſs to know the charming Creature, however I wiſh for both, the noble Sentiments and virtuous Diſpoſitions ſhe diſcovers in that ingenious Eſſay, oblige me to conſider her as another* Angelica, *at once her Sex's nobleſt Ornament, and livelieſt Reproach, as well as the moſt illuſtrious Example their virtuous Ambition can aſpire to copy after. If all* Women *were like her, we ſhould have little Danger to apprehend from coming into her Ladyſhip's Notions; and I might have ſpared the Pains of a deſperate Remedy to try to make them ſuch. But as the Caſe is quite otherwiſe, and their dangerous Evils call for a dangerous* Cure; *I flatter myſelf, lovely Creatures, that ſhe, and all ſuch of you as are like her, will approve me for attempting one. How much more concerned I am for your Happineſs than my own Safety, muſt appear from my entering the Liſts againſt a Lady ſo formidable as* Sophia *muſt be, if the Charms of her Perſon are equal to thoſe of her Soul.*

* *Sophia's* Treatiſe, entitled, *Woman not inferior to Man.*

If

If my Zeal for your Felicity and Safety has rendered me eager to reſcue you from imminent Miſery, it has equally tempered that Eagerneſs with a Regard for your natural Delicacy in the Manner of doing it: So that wherever I found Amputation neceſſary, without ſparing proud Fleſh, I have been ſparing of the Quick. But if, nevertheleſs, I have not been able to purſue the honeſt End of my Wiſhes without giving Pain to ſome of you, let your Reſentment be levelled, not at the Inſtrument of your Cure, but at the Evils which called for it; not at the Hand which directed it, but at that which provoked it. Inſtead then of frowning on me as an Enemy who has a Deſign on your Honour and Happineſs, if you have either at Heart, you will exert all your Induſtry, to ſhew how far you are from being incurable in your Evils, by reaping the Benefit of a Cure offered you, and how little you are averſe to that Cure, by receiving into your Graces the Perſon who has generouſly endeavoured to perform it at the Riſk of diſpleaſing you.

Or otherwiſe, lovely Creatures, if you are inſenſible of being, or unwilling to own yourſelves, in Need of a Cure, let that natural Love of Change which is ſo bewitching in you, juſtify my preſenting to you this little Love-gift in a different Shape, by changing the Allegory. The Tranſition, however unconnected, is no Impropriety in an Addreſs to ſuch pretty variable Things as you. Fancy then that it is a uſeful Pocket-mirrour I preſent you with: It is at leaſt capable of anſwering the beſt Ends of one, if conſulted with the ſame Attention as the Glaſſes on your Toilets. Indeed you will find it leſs flattering than moſt of thoſe are; but perhaps it may prove the more uſeful for being ſo; and therefore ought to be, at leaſt, equally agreeable to you. By ſhewing you to yourſelves in a true Light, it will, I hope, enable you to improve the real Excellencies, and to remove out of Sight all the Blemiſhes you may diſcover in yourſelves. And as Patches and Paint will be uſeleſs to hide the Defects which this will point you out, it may poſſibly ſet you on finding out

better

better Expedients to prevent the ill Effects of them, than the daubing Diſguiſe of Affectation.

Accept then this little Token of my Regard to you in the Light I propoſe it in, and I am confident you cannot be out of Temper with the Donor. For, ſhould any of you chance to ſee yourſelves in a Salacia, *an* Uberia, *a* Pavonia, *or ſome other as little pleaſing Figure, it is not the Truth of the Repreſentation, but yourſelves, you muſt fall out with, for being ſo like what you are ſo unwilling to be thought like. And ſuch of you as may applaud yourſelves in the Merit of an* Angelica, *can have no Reaſon to be angry with me, for placing you in Company which can only ſerve to ſet your Charms in a more conſpicuous Light.*

If I have not repreſented all Women *in that amiable Character, it is not my Fault, but theirs, who refuſe or neglect to aſſume it: For, if you are not all* Angelica's, *yet many of you have the Power to be ſuch. And therefore, if, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, you are ſtill reſolved to conſider me as an Enemy, for expoſing the Deformity of ſome of you, you have a fair Opportunity of taking an honourable Revenge, by immediately aſſuming* Angelica's *Character.*

By this Means you will condemn me to the Infamy of a ſcandalous Libeller, and make all I have advanced, to the Diſgrace of your Sex in general, be branded by future Ages with the ignominious Title of impudent Falſhood. *And ſhould this Undertaking be happy enough to provoke you to ſuch a noble Reſentment, I ſhall think my Labour amply rewarded by the Fruit it produces: For ſuch is the ardent Zeal I have for your real Felicity, that I would gladly fall a Sacrifice to the worſt Effects of your Indignation, to have the Merit of contributing towards making you the moſt* perfect, *as you are the moſt* lovely *Beings in the Univerſe.*

I am,

LADIES,

Your moſt humble Servant,

* * * *

INTRODUCTION.

THE very great Tenderneſs I have always expreſſed and really felt for the Fair Sex, would by no means ſuffer me now to exert my Pen againſt that delicate Part of the Creation which has hitherto engroſſed my beſt Wiſhes, if Juſtice to my own Sex, a diſintereſted Zeal for the Proſperity of the other, and an invincible Love of Truth, did not oblige me to render them a Service by oppoſing them. Nature, ever reminding me that I was born of a *Woman*, bids me reſpect that endearing Name; yet Honour, not allowing me to forget by whom I was begotten, forbids me to derogate from the Dignity of *Man*. However Generoſity then may incline me to favour the *Women*, by overlooking their real Imperfections, and puting an advantageous Gloſs on their little Merits; yet it is an Act of Juſtice I owe to my own Sex, to defend its Prerogatives, when openly attacked by the too daring Ambition of the other.

From the Beginning of the World till now, *our Sex* has enjoyed an undiſputed Sovereignty over the *other*, and their joint Conſent in all Ages ſufficiently proves our Poſſeſſion not uſurped. Hitherto the *Women*, conſcious of their own Inabilities, have chearfully acknowledged the Authority which Wiſdom gives the *Men* over them; content with the ſoft Dominion which Love ſecures to them over our Sex. In a Word, the little Glimmering of Rea-

ſon, which Heaven beſtowed on them out of Compaſſion to us, that they might be in ſome Degree a ſort of rational Amuſement to us, was ſufficient to convince them of the Juſtneſs of their Subjection. And ſo far from accuſing Nature of Partiality in making them Vaſſals to us, they were ſenſible that ſhe had been but too bountiful in beſtowing on them the Privilege of reigning in the Hearts of their Lords: A Privilege which we have hitherto been too generous to grudge them; having no Danger to apprehend from leaving our Hearts in the Keeping of *Women*, while the Heads of the Fair Keepers themſelves were in due Subjection to our own.

But the Caſe muſt neceſſarily alter from the Minute that Sex forgets its Allegiance to us. If once the *Women* preſume to call in Queſtion the great Duty of Vaſſalage to us, it muſt be Time to withdraw our Hearts from their Power. They can no longer be ſafe in the Cuſtody of ſuch *Women* as refuſe to ſubmit themſelves to our Authority.

The joint Induſtry of the *Fair* at all Times, in labouring to make themſelves agreeable to us, is a ſtanding Proof, that that is the great Buſineſs they were created for, and that the Acquiring our *Love* and *Eſteem* is the higheſt End their Ambition ought to ſoar to; as the Poſſeſſion of *both* is the great and ſole Happineſs they are capable of enjoying in this Life. But how can they hope ever to reach *either*, without perſevering in the Uſe of thoſe Methods which alone can render them worthy to obtain what they aim at? How ſhall they appear any longer agreeable in our Eyes, if once they throw off that Modeſty and Subjection which alone can give even their native Charms the Force to pleaſe us? What Title will they have left to our Favour and Indulgence, from the Moment they begin to diſpute our Power and Prerogative over them? In a Word

Word; If, instead of making use of the little Complaisances we have for their Weakness, to redouble their Obedience and Fidelity to us, they aspire to become our Equals; ought we not, in Justice to ourselves, and for Instruction to them, to shew them, that it has been owing to our own Generosity, more than to any Right they can claim, that we have not hitherto treated them only as our less useful Slaves?

However, one should be apt to imagine, that *Women* had their own Interest more at Heart than to reduce us to this Extremity. Who could conceive, that any one of that Sex would be so much an Enemy to herself and the rest, as to risk the Forfeiture of that Liberty which the *Men* have so graciously raised them to, merely for the sake of grasping at a Power which they are sure of never attaining? And yet, inconceivable as it is, our own Times can shew a very recent Instance of it in a Lady, who, perhaps for the Sake of becoming an Author, has taken abundance of Pains to convince us, that there is no Excess of Extravagance which that Sex cannot attempt, and no Presumption in them which merits our Surprize.

Every one will be able to guess that I am speaking of SOPHIA, that enlightened *Lady*, who has surprisingly found out, that *Man* is not superior to *Woman* in any thing but what she pleases to call *brutal Strength!* So extravagant an Assertion cannot but be attended with very fatal Consequences to both Sexes, if listened to by the *Women:* And what will not *Woman* listen to, which flatters her Vanity, Ambition, Curiosity, or Love of Change?

For, Women *have fantastic Constitutions,*
Inconstant as their Wishes, ever wav'ring,
And never fix'd. Ven. Pref.

Safe in the Paradiſe of our protecting Love, they are ſure of Happineſs, while, conſcious of the Bleſſing, they perſiſt in deſerving it by their Fidelity and Obedience! But if once they give ear to this fair fallen Angel, like true Daughters of their firſt fickle Parent *Eve*, the flattering Bait of Power, Dignity, and Knowledge, will cheat them of that Happineſs; and, by exciting them to diſobey, will baniſh them the Sanctuary of our Hearts, their only Aſylum from Scorn and Wretchedneſs. So (if we may compare great Things with little, the Sacred with the Vain) the darkeſt Angels once were happy; till *Lucifer*, the *nobleſt*, brighteſt of them all, not content to be the Almighty's favourite Creature, and next in Glory to the Deity, vainly aſpired to be the eternal Sovereign's *Equal*, rebelled againſt his *Lord*, and drew whole Legions into the Revolt. But what was the Conſequence of their Preſumption? They juſtly incurred their Maker's Indignation, were baniſhed Heaven, and fell the unpitied Victims of their raſh Ambition. Infinite as the Diſtance is between God and Man, it is eaſy to ſee the Analogy between the Revolt of theſe ambitious Spirits againſt their heavenly Sovereign, and the Rebellion to which *Sophia*'s Doctrine may excite the reſt of her Sex againſt the natural *Lords*, to whom God made them ſubject here on Earth. But let the fair Copies of thoſe fickle Beings, cautioned by their Fall, avoid the leaſt Appearance of their Fault; leſt, aſpiring to be our *Equals*, they ſhould loſe our Affection, which alone entitles them to the little Condeſcendences we have for them, and fall irrevocably to the low Condition into which our Diſregard is capable of ſinking them.

To ſhew them how much I am their Friend, and how ſincerely I wiſh to preſerve them in that Degree which the Generoſity of the *Men* has lifted them

them to, I shall here render them all the Service their tender Capacities will permit me to do, by endeavouring to open their Eyes to the Discovery of the gay Illusions of this aspiring Lady; that they may not become the Dupes of her friendly but mistaken Zeal for them, which might otherwise do them more Mischief, than their greatest Enemies could wish done, or than their native Charms could possibly repair.

This dextrous Female, to give us a Sample of the Expertness of her Sex at Invention, has artfully enough thrown in a *Caveat* against any *Man*'s being Judge of the *Equality* or *Inferiority* of Merit in *Women*, as compared with *Men*; because truly the *Men* are to be considered as Parties concerned, and therefore must all be partial in their Judgment. However, I must beg Leave to observe, that though it is true, that the Generality of both Sexes are weak enough to give Prejudice and Interest the Preference to Truth and Justice; yet even *Sophia* herself cannot be so rashly censorious as to imagine that all are unjust alike. And therefore she must own that some few *Men* may be found among us, who, supposing their Interest to be ever so nearly concerned, would nevertheless be honest enough to acknowledge the *Women* for their Equals, if there was the least Appearance of Reason in their Favour; and to make them every Concession they had a Right to demand.

For my own part at least, I have so indefeasible a Right to be ranked in the Number of those few, that the most jealous of their Sex cannot dispute my Title. For, on one side, I can have no Interest to bias me; having nothing to hope or fear from my own Sex, and expecting as little from the opposite: and on the other, if I have received any Partiality from Inclination, it is all for the *Women*. I do not say this out of any Ambition of being Judge

in

in so unthankful an Affair, in which it will be impossible to do Justice to one Party without giving the other Offence. And I, of all *Men*, have the least Reason to court the Occasion of displeasing those amiable Creatures, who cannot myself give them the slightest Pain without sharing with them in it.

Instead therefore of taking upon me the Office of deciding on the Merit of the Fair Sex, and the Degree they ought to stand in comparatively with the *Men*; I shall leave it to themselves to be Judges in their own Cause, after I have fairly stated what is worthy Observation on both Sides of the Debate. For I can by no means apprehend any thing from their Partiality, or Prejudice, when I consider how much it is to their own Advantage to be just to the *Men*, and how seldom they are guilty of disregarding their own private Interests.

The more judicious Part of our Sex may perhaps think it dangerous to trust the *Women* as Judges of any thing where Reason is concerned, on account of the Weakness of their Intellects, which seldom can reach higher than a Head-dress. But to remove all Objections of this Kind, I shall endeavour to make the Matter plain to them, by treating it in the most familiar Manner; not only to prevent their weakening the little Understanding they have, by keeping it too much upon the Stretch, but to save them from exposing their light-pinioned Fancy to the resistless Beams of Scrutiny, by soaring above their Capacity: I shall do my utmost to make *Reason* stoop to their Comprehension, by confining myself intirely to their Sphere. In doing this, I know it will be expected that I should take notice of whatever may seem worthy of *any* in the pretty whimsical Treatise with which *Sophia* has thought fit to divert the Public: And therefore I shall follow the Method she has pointed out

to

to me. However, I muſt beg to be excuſed from being acceſſary to her loſing herſelf and her Partiſans in the Maze of *Theory*; a Ground too holy for Female Feet to tread with Impunity. No; Practice is the Boundary of their Province; and therefore I ſhall wholly confine myſelf, in this little Treatiſe, to practical Reaſoning; except where I am obliged to ſtep aſide to recover my bewildered fair Antagoniſt from the Danger of ſtraying out of her Latitude.

It will be a needleſs Repetition, to ſay, that my only Motive in oppoſing this Lady is, the Deſire of ſeconding her good Intention, by doing effectual Service to her Sex; as my only View in laying open their Foibles is, the Hope I conceive of rendering them leſs pernicious to themſelves. However, tender as I deſign to be in handling the Faults of theſe delicate Creatures, I am ſenſible that an Operation of this Kind cannot but give them ſome Smart. Nevertheleſs, reſolved, like an honeſt Surgeon, to conquer the little Reluctances of a Heart diſpoſed to Compaſſion, I ſhall rather chooſe to give them a little momentary Pain, than ſuffer them, out of falſe Tenderneſs, to riſk a more fatal Mortification. The little Uneaſineſs, which the Probing of their Blemiſhes may occaſion, will be amply attoned for by the Gangrene it will prevent; eſpecially ſince natural Propenſity towards them will incline me to uſe them as gently as poſſible. Not that I expect my Fair Patients to be reconciled to the Cure, while they are under the Operation, any more than I can think of ſeeing a delirious Man fond of the Hand which trepans him. I only flatter myſelf, that when once they have received Benefit enough to be ſenſible of the Neceſſity of it, they will thank me for my Labour: A Labour in which neither Paſſion nor Prejudice, and much leſs Intereſt, could have any Share, with one whoſe

whoſe Age and State of Life raiſe him from being biaſſed by the Smiles of their Sex, or the Frowns of his own. So that even thoſe pretty Incurables, whom nothing will be ſufficient to prevail with to conſider me in any other Light than that of an Enemy, cannot, without Injuſtice, deny me to be a generous one: Though how far I am from being one at all, will beſt appear in the Concluſion of this little Piece. And therefore, relying on the Uprightneſs of my own Intentions, and the Manner of executing them, I ſhall confidently proceed to the Subject in Queſtion. But, before we deſcend to Particulars, it will not be improper to make the following general Examination.

MAN

MAN

SUPERIOR TO

WOMAN.

CHAP. I.

Whether the Superiority of the Men *over the* Women *is not founded on ſomething more ſolid than* Cuſtom *and* Prejudice.

IT cannot be denied that the ingenious Lady, whom I have to contend with, is, for a Woman, no deſpicable Adverſary. The Cauſe indeed ſhe has undertaken to defend is none of the beſt. But bad as it is, ſhe has been cautious enough to make uſe of all the Means practicable to render her Arguments, in the Support of it, unanſwerable. She could not, without a Degree of Blindneſs, poſſibly overlook the irrefragable Authority of a Practice founded upon a Preſcription as ancient as human Nature. She knew that the Superiority of *Man* over *Woman*

was no Novelty to either Sex ever ſince *Adam*'s Time; and therefore imagined, as well ſhe might, that it could be no eaſy Matter to invert this Diſpoſition of Things, ſo venerable from the ſingle Conſideration of its Antiquity, without removing the Obſtacle which Cuſtom put in her Way, by leſſening the Regard which the moſt Conſiderate are inclined to pay to it. This ſhe has endeavoured to do, but how? Why truly, by enumerating ſome few Inſtances, in which Mankind of both Sexes have been led into Error by a blind Prejudice in Favour of habitual Ignorance, and not of practical poſitive Cuſtom: And thoſe too Inſtances of a particular Nature, and in which all *Men* were not concerned, as the Diſbelief of the *Antipodes*, the ſuppoſed *Spirits* of *Machinery*, and the fancied *Machinery* of *Carteſian Animals*. Whereas to convince us that *Cuſtom* is never to be regarded, ſhe ſhould have inſtanced ſome one Cuſtom as univerſal with Relation to Place and Time, as that of *Woman*'s Subjection to *Man*, in which Mankind had confeſſedly found themſelves in Error.

As this is paſt her Skill to do, it is plain ſhe has run beyond her Mark, and contrary to her Deſign eſtabliſhed an Argument in Favour of *Man*'s Authority over *Woman*, on the very Principle of *Cuſtom*, which ſhe with ſo much Induſtry and Artifice laboured to undermine. For it cannot without Raſhneſs be doubted, but that Mankind being rational Creatures, and therefore not only directed, but even of themſelves inclined, to do nothing without Reaſon, they muſt have conſulted Reaſon for the Introduction of ſuch Practices as have been univerſally received by both Sexes in all Places, and at all Times. Inſomuch that it is impoſſible for any in their Senſes to conceive that right Reaſon and Prudence had no Hand in eſtabliſhing the Cuſtoms, which both oblige us to conform to, and which we

cannot

cannot deviate from, without breaking in upon Order and Decency.

Of this Nature is the Cuſtom, if *Sophia* chooſes to call it ſo, which directs the *Women* to be ſubject and ſubmiſſive to the Heaven-derived Authority of their natural Sovereign *Man:* A Cuſtom, which, whether right or wrong, muſt ſo nearly concern every Individual of human Nature, that neither Sex could be ſuppoſed ſo indifferent to their Happineſs, as not to conſult Reaſon before they eſtabliſhed or rejected it. And therefore, ſince both Sexes from the Creation unanimouſly eſtabliſhed this Practice, and handed it down thro' all Ages to our own, it is the Height of Temerity to impute the Power of the *Men* over the *Women* to inconſiderate *Cuſtom*, or to any Cauſe inferior to *Reaſon* and *Prudence*.

Have not the *Women* ever been, and are they not at this preſent Time, in every Country, in abſolute Subjection to the *Men*, and wholly dependent on them in all Things? Where was, or is, the Nation in which the former were conſidered, even by themſelves, as *equal* with the latter? It will not do, to quote upon me the Virago Tribe of *Scythia:* For let it be conſider'd, that it can be no Wonder that the *Women* ſhould not be ſubject to *Men* in a Nation wholly made up of ſuch *Women* as the moſt ignoble of our Sex at that Time ſcorned to rule over. No, let any one affirm, if Truth will permit, that the *Women* were ever treated in any one Nation made up of both Sexes, upon a better Footing than inferior Subjects; fit at beſt only to be the upper Servants in their Families.

This is the Light in which they have always been viewed here in *England*; the Place in the World where the Fair Sex is the moſt regarded, and perhaps deſerves moſt to be ſo. And every one knows how much worſe they are looked upon in ſome Countries, where they are eſteemed abſolute Slaves.

In *China* they are confined to see no one but their Husbands and Children; and have their Feet kept small on purpose to prevent their gadding. In *Turkey* they are pamper'd Prisoners at best: Almost throughout *Asia*, *Africa* and *America* Wives are but House-maids for Life: In most Parts of *Europe* indeed they are treated a little more gently; tho' the Difference is but little in *Italy*, and scarce discernable in *Spain*. In a Word, they are every where employed in nothing but what is low and servile. Their highest Dignities are limited to Housewifery, and their common Use is to be kept for Breeders. In *England* alone it is, that they are raised to the Office of Dissipators of our more intense Thoughts, amusing Lullers of our Care and Application, and a kind of Under-Companions to us, when Reason is disposed to relax. Nor is it easy to comprehend how it is possible to raise them higher, with any Shew of Reason, considering their natural Incapacity for every thing above the Sphere they actually move in. So that, however the Men might be disposed, and whatever Endeavour they might make use of, to alter the present Disposition of Matters with Regard to the Fair-Sex, it is absolutely impossible to succeed in it.

It is doubtless for this Reason that the wisest of Law-givers, in founding their Common-Wealths, have never once established any thing in Favour of an Equality between both Sexes. Their Laws, on the contrary, have tended only to confirm the *Women* in an intire Subjection to the *Men*. The Generality of the Learned of all Ages have advanced many Things to the Disadvantage of *Woman*: But not one has ever thought of adding the least Privilege to those we have in general agreed to allow them. Nay, the Wise of all Times and Places are so unanimous in the Establishment of the *Men*'s Sovereignty over *Women*, that one should be apt to

imagine

imagine they had conſpired together; but for the evident Impoſſibility, that ſo many Perſons of different Ages, diſtant Climes, and oppoſite Intereſts, unknown to each other, ſhould be able to combine with one another. Whence it is plain to a Demonſtration, that the State of Subordination, which *Woman* is in to *Man*, muſt have been dictated to both Sexes, by Nature, and eſtabliſh'd by *Reaſon* and *Prudence*.

This alone might ſuffice to ſhew how greatly the Lady my Antagoniſt is overſeen in imputing the Power of our Sex over her own, to blind Cuſtom and inconſiderate Prejudice. But what will confirm it ſtill more, is the univerſal Eaſe with which the *Women* of all Ages have ſupported this their Condition. The general Content with which they ſubmit, is a plain Proof, that they look upon Submiſſion as a natural Duty they owe to us; and that, conſcious of the Legalneſs of our Authority, they paſs the ſame Judgment on their Dependency as every Man does. Inſomuch that both Sexes appear convinced that their Souls are as different as their Bodies, and that there ought to be as great Diſtinction between the two Sexes in all the Functions of Life, as there is in that of inſtrumentally producing it. All which conſider'd, no *Woman* in her Senſes can doubt of the Subjection of that Sex to ours, being founded on the Laws of Nature and Reaſon.

But as *Sophia* ſeems not to have any Diſregard for Religion, it will not be a difficult Matter, I preſume, to convince her, that the divine Providence had a ſpecial poſitive Hand in fixing *Women* in their preſent State of Subjection. Let her but look into the third Chapter of *Geneſis*, and ſhe will there find that *Man* has his Charter of Superiority from God's own Mouth. For, ſpeaking to *Eve*, he tells her, *Thy Deſire ſhall be to thy Huſband, and he ſhall rule over thee.* St. *Paul*, in many Places, confirms this Charter to *Men* in the repeated Precepts he gives

to

to *Women* to be ſubject to *them*; but particularly in the *fifth* Chapter to the *Epheſians* he ſays, WIVES *ſubmit yourſelves unto your own Huſbands as unto the Lord*; *for the Huſband is the Head of the Wife.*---- And to ſhew the Juſtice of this Law, in another Place he gives a ſubſtantial Reaſon for it, *to wit*, that *the* MAN *is not of the* WOMAN, *but the* WOMAN *of the* MAN. In which laſt Words he plainly alludes to the Manner and Occaſion of their Creation; which, if rightly conſider'd, will indiſputably prove, how much the *Woman* is inferior to the *Man* from the very Source of their Being. Almighty God, we are told, created *Man*, a good, noble, and intelligent Creature, to lord it over this vaſt Univerſe; and therefore created him laſt, that nothing might be wanting to his Wiſhes from the Minute of his Production. But having form'd him of the Duſt of the Earth, that he might have ſomething in common with the Creatures he was made to command, the Lord found that Alloy too ſtrong for the Perfection he deſign'd to give him: And therefore extracted from the reſt of his Body whatever he found of mean, imperfect, and favouring too much of the Animal, and confined it to a ſingle Rib; which had undoubtedly been annihilated but for the Wiſdom of this all-powerful Contriver, which is capable of aſſigning a Uſe to the moſt uſeleſs Things in themſelves. The Creator then, loth to deſtroy any thing, however deſpicable in itſelf, which had any Relation to this his favourite Creature, and knowing that *Man* was as yet unprovided of a proper Vehicle to convey his Being to Poſterity, took from him his Rib, this Sink of his Defects, and ſhaped it into *Woman*, little concerned about any Perfections in the Soil, but ſuch as immediately tend to the Production of that noble Fruit for which it was ſaved from Reprobation. It is true, indeed, to invite Mankind to make the Uſe

of

of this pretty Expletive of Nature, for which it was design'd, he made it *fair*; but then like all other beautiful Vessels he left it *frail*, and full of Foibles, as he first found it when he ridded *Adam*'s noble Composition of it. Such then is *Woman* traced up to her Origin:

———*Her All is but a Show,*
Rather than solid Virtue; all but a Rib,
Crooked by Nature. Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth! this fair Defect
Of Nature! and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,
Or find some other Way to generate Mankind.

MILTON.

But here we are lost, and have no other Refuge from the Doubts of human Imbecillity than the unsearchable Wisdom of him who had it in his Power *of the same Lump to make one Vessel to Honour, and the other unto Dishonour.* God had his Reasons, tho' to us incomprehensible: His Wisdom knew it right to do the Thing he did, and therefore not to tempt Man to withstand his Will, he consulted him not: No,

Heav'n took him sleeping when he Woman *made,*
Had Man *been waking he had ne'er consented.*

DRYDEN.

But I'll dwell no longer on an Argument which has too much Truth in it, not to give some Pain to the most insensible among those fair Mischiefs, which furnish the Matter of it. Let it suffice that I have shewn how much inferior to us they are, from their Creation, if considered in themselves. And now I shall proceed to discuss the Matter a little farther with *Sophia.*

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

In what Eſteem the Women *are held by the* Men, *and how juſtly.*

MY Fair Adverſary is undoubtedly right in ſaying that " the *Men* are unanimous " in thinking *her Sex* made only for their Uſe, " fit only to breed, and nurſe Children in their ten- " der Years, to mind houſhold Affairs, and to " obey, ſerve, and pleaſe the Maſters appointed " them by Heaven." And would not all *Women* be as right in thinking the ſame with *Men?* Can it be doubted by the Chriſtian *Sophia*, that her Sex was made for our Uſe, after St. *Paul* has told her in his *Epiſtle* to the *Corinthians* that the MAN *was not made for the* WOMAN, *but the* WOMAN *for the* MAN? A Text ſufficient of itſelf to prove that all other Creatures were made for him, if *Woman* may be allowed to be ſuperior to all but him. To which if we add the Circumſtances of God's bringing *Woman*, with the reſt of the Animals and inanimate Creatures, to him to receive a Name, and afterwards ſubjecting them to his Authority; it is impoſſible to doubt of their being created purpoſely for him.

So that tho' the Conſideration of *Man's* not being created till all Creatures were in Readineſs for him, be no contemptible Argument of their being created for his Uſe, yet it is far from being the only one on which he builds his Authority. It is the only one, indeed, which *Sophia* thought to her Purpoſe to alledge; tho' had ſhe allow'd herſelf Time to reflect, *Woman* as ſhe is, ſhe might have been able to ſee how little it ſuits the Purpoſe ſhe has applied it to. For ſhe is certainly miſtaken in ſaying, that,

" if

" if this Argument has any Weight at all, it muſt " equally prove that the *Men* were made for the " *Woman*'s Uſe rather than ſhe for theirs." And her Miſtake, it is plain, ariſes from the vulgar Error of imagining that *Woman* was created at all: Whereas, any Underſtanding, even inferior to that of *Woman*, if ſuch a Being could exiſt, would be capable of diſcerning, that the Production of that weak Sex was no diſtinct Creation from that of *Man*; but only a mere Refinement of his noble Compoſition, by purifying and ſeparating it from its Droſs. So that tho' *Woman* be, with Regard to *Man*, a Sort of after-produced Being, *Man* is ſtill the laſt compleat Creature which iſſued from the Hands of God. And therefore, tho' the Authority of *Man* over the reſt of Creatures may be deduced from the Circumſtance of his being created laſt, this Circumſtance can by no Means be wire-drawn to countenance any Superiority over, or even Equality to us, in the *Women*, who can be at beſt but mere half-Creatures. Let not *Sophia* then nor any of her Sex glory any more in their Diſgrace: Let them not be vain of the Title of Creatures, with which our Sex is ſo generous as to compliment them; rather ought they to reject it as Flattery, ſince they cannot themſelves but be convinced, that we can look upon the moſt perfect of their Sex in no better a Light, than as a Kind of amphibious Thing, between a Creature and no Creature at all.

After what I have juſt now ſaid, Good-breeding obliges me to add, that whenever I let the Word Creature drop in the Courſe of this little Treatiſe, it neither is nor will be my Meaning to offend, or call them Names; but a Deſire of complying with *Faſhion*; a Goddeſs ever ſacred in their tender Eyes. However, to ſhew more fully my Averſion to abuſing them, whenever I may chance to give them the Title of Creatures, I ſhall take the Precaution of

adding the ſoftening Epithets, *pretty*, *charming*, *beautiful*, &c. which, unleſs I am more unfortunate than others before me, would, I know, be looked upon by the Generality of them as a ſufficient Atonement for the groſſeſt Invectives.

Tho' I muſt allow the *Women* to deſerve that ſome Care ſhould be taken of them, in Conſideration of the Part they have in the Propagation of human Nature, as a Field does on Account of the Vegetables it produces; yet I cannot ſee the Reaſon why they are to be conſidered on a Level with the *Men* they bring forth, any more than that the Mould in a Garden is to be equally valued with the Fruits it produces; unleſs the Ladies place a Merit in the ſuperior Propenſity they have above *Men* to this Office of Life. But however they may value themſelves upon this Score, I am apt to believe that they, who have the moſt of this Sort of Merit, are ſo unfortunate as to attract the leaſt of our Eſteem.

To name but one Inſtance of the many which this one Town affords, *Salacia* is undeniably rich in this Kind of Worth, and too much ſo to obtain the Eſteem of the more moderate even of her own Sex. It is true ſhe is fair, moſt exquiſitely fair; but not more fair than wanton. The Charms of her Perſon can be excell'd by nothing but the Brightneſs of her Wit; which bears ſo near a Reſemblance to Senſe, that any Man would be liable to miſtake it for ſuch, who ſhould forbear Reflection but for a Minute. Her Good-nature is boundleſs, and her Evenneſs of Temper not to be ruffled. In ſhort, ſhe poſſeſſes all the Blemiſhes which compoſe the Perfections of her Sex, in ſo high a Degree, that we could not but acknowledge her worthy of ſomething very like our Eſteem, if all theſe feminine Accompliſhments were not eclipſed by one more, which abſorbs all the reſt: She is ſenſible that the chief End ſhe was made for is to breed;

and

and therefore is unweariedly ſollicitous to anſwer that End. The good Man ſhe pitched on for a Huſband, as the moſt likely to ſecond her procreative Zeal, is indeed every Way qualified to anſwer the Expectations of any Woman leſs public-ſpirited than herſelf; and is rather induſtrious than indolent in the Duty ſhe requires. But the Misfortune is, that his Induſtry to forward the Lady's good Intentions ſerves only to point out his Inability, and to convince her, that all *Mankind* are ſcarce a ſufficient Match for one *Woman*, whoſe Zeal nothing leſs could gratify than being the immediate Mother of all Men. If ſhe herſelf is not ſo, it is more to be aſcribed to the Obſtinacy of Fate than any Slackneſs in her capacious Diſpoſition, which takes in the whole Creation of the Species. And if ſhe is not inceſſantly imploy'd in this important Office, it is for Want of a perpetual Succeſſion of Help-mates: Tho' to give her her Due, Nature itſelf is not more active in multiplying, than ſhe in procuring them. As ſhe is never tired with labouring towards the Preſervation of the Kind, no Aſſiſtant comes amiſs to her: Her Taſte is as little nice, as her Appetite is far from being ſated or ſatiable. In the Act of gratifying it, like a true Woman,

No hungry Churl feeds coarſer at a Feaſt;
Every rank Fool goes down: Otway.

And in the few ſhort Intervals of bodily Inactivity, her Mind is ever buſied in preparing for Action. Awake ſhe is ever conceiving in Body or Soul; and her very Slumbers are ſo many rough Draughts of future Embryos. If nevertheleſs none of them are brought to Maturity, it is not for Want of manuring the Soil which ſhould produce them: In this ſo far from being ſparing ſhe is pro-

ſuſe; for, as the polite Lord *Lanſdown* ſays of another Heroine of the ſame Claſs, I may ſay,

She's mine, or thine, and, ſtrolling up and down,
Sucks in more Filth than any Sink in Town.

It is true, indeed, that all this extravagant Merit in *Salacia*, intitles her or no Degree of Eſteem from our Sex to her own. Her too eager Deſire of being ſerviceable to human Species renders her uſeleſs, nay deſtructive to it. What Colonies might not the motley Nation of Fœtuſſes within her have peopled, if properly diſperſed! Which are now too buſy, in ſtruggling for Room, to aim at Maturity; and too much taken up in their inteſtine War, with deſtroying each other, to add one perfect Individual to the decaying Numbers of Mankind. In a Word, what Eſteem can we have for a *Woman* made barren by Exceſs of Fertility, and laviſh of the choiceſt Fruits of the Creation by an inſatiable Luſt of monopolizing them?

Clavia, it muſt be own'd, has been more cautious, tho' not leſs criminal. Diſpoſed from her Cradle to become a common *Recervoir* of human Nature, ſhe took Care not to launch out into wholeſale Lechery, till ſhe furniſhed the World with a Breeder in her Stead. Indeed, ſhe makes ample Amends in her old Age for the little Time ſhe loſt in her Prime, by converting her Houſe into a publick Stew, and making herſelf the Sewer of it. All *Men* are welcome there, from the tall Apothecary to the luſty-limb'd Porter. Tho' neither the purchaſed Roſes on her Cheeks, nor the borrow'd Ivory in her Gums would have any Power over the moſt rampant, even of her powdered, pamper'd, parti-coloured Stallions in Keeping, if the yellow Charms of all enchanting Gold, which the God of Waſte has laviſh'd upon her, did

did not fill the deep-indented Furrows of Seventy. 'Tis by this ſhe is impowered, in the laſt Stage of Life, to vie with her Sex in the favourite Commerce of their Youth, and to convince the World, that tho' there are ſome *Women*, whom the whole Collection of Mankind would be an equal Match for, there are others again of more extenſive Inclinations, who, but for the ſhort Date of their Exiſtence, could indefatigably weary a new Creation of *Men* in the Buſineſs of Enjoyment. Not that ſhe herſelf is capable of reaping any thing from Fruition but the Guilt of it: Too old and batter'd to produce even a Monſter, and too inanimate for any Senſation, ſhe has nothing to enjoy but Sin: And this her eager Soul has ſuch a Talent for, that, like the Dæmon who inſpires her, ſhe can take in an Eternity of Luſt into one ſingle Minute: And multiply one libidinous Act into an Infinity. Such are the pretty Creatures we are to eſteem for the Talent of Breeding.

This general Character however will admit of ſome Exceptions: And *Sprucilla* in one. Form'd by Heaven a perfect Vehicle of human Nature, ſhe has every Qualification requiſite to reap the Fruits of Fruition, and no Diſlike to the Pleaſure of it. The Graces have combined to enrich her with every Endearment capable of charming the Man ſhe is married to, and making him to forget himſelf, to ſtoop to the low but neceſſary Office of rendering her really uſeful. But Pride, predominant Pride, is ſo prevalent in her, as to make her prefer the empty Praiſe of a fine Shape to that of being a Mother of Children. And if, in complying with her Huſband's Wantonneſs to gratify her own, ſhe is at any Time made a Mother before ſhe is aware, ſo careleſs is ſhe of the only Good ſhe is fit for, as rather to riſk the Loſs of an Heir to his Eſtate, than

than to miſs an Opportunity of gaining new Admirers at a Ball or a Play.

Among the unmarried *Women*, what numberleſs Tribes of uſeleſs Things are there not, whoſe Pride, Avarice, Fickleneſs, or icy Conſtitutions, rob human Nature of the Individuals they were intended to bear; and by not anſwering the Uſe they were given to him for, become a dead Weight upon *Man?* Indeed, if there are ſome among them leſs ſqueamiſh than the reſt, who atone out of Wedlock for their Slowneſs to engage in it, how few of them is human Nature yet the better for? How many of them ſtifle the Fruit of their Pleaſure before it is ripe! not to ſpeak of thoſe Diſgraces to the ſoft Shape they wear, who only delay Deſtruction to make it more cruel.

Nor can it be deem'd a ſufficient Amends to the Creation, for the many Particles of human Nature waſted and deſtroy'd in theirPaſſages through theſe quick-ſanded baneful Channels, that there are a few married *Women*, fertile enough to forward the Propagation of *Man*, and modeſt enough to forward their pregnative Zeal. Eſpecially, if we conſider, how dearly their Whims, their Vanity, their Extravagance, and fantaſtical Humours, make us purchaſe the Service they do us. *Uberia* has bleſt her Huſband with a numerous Offspring, all his own. But ſhe wou'd ſcarce be a *Woman*, if ſhe did not take Pains to make him ſenſible how expenſive and troubleſome a Thing is a fruitful, faithful Wife. Every Lying-in coſts him more than would make a handſome Proviſion for the Infant; beſides an Eſtate ſpent in the Time of her Breeding. Indeed, ſhe has Œconomy enough to loſe him no Time between her bringing forth one Child and preparing him another. The Reaſon is, that there are two Conditions in which her Ladyſhip can bear no Contradiction, that is, before Delivery and after: And therefore, ſhe is in the perpetual Poſſeſſion of her own

own Will, becauſe ever *with Child* or *in the Straw*. However, the happy Father might be very well content to fell her a Wood for every Longing; to mortgage a Manor for every Lying-in, and to ſell another for every Chriſtening, nay, to make her over, by Deed of Gift, the everlaſting Property of her own Will, upon the bare Condition of her leaving him the undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion of his. But nothing leſs can reward the prolific Merit of this Lady than her Huſband's Peace. He muſt not ſo much as look civilly on any other Female: And ſuch a Miſer is ſhe of his Manhood, that while ſhe takes Care to hoard up the Principal to herſelf, ſhe is as ſollicitous to ſecure even the Intereſt. He muſt not have even the Uſe of a ſingle Smile at his own Diſpoſal. His Company muſt be ſuch only as her Ladyſhip approves of; and them he muſt converſe with no longer than his pretty fond Thing of a Wife can ſpare him from her Embraces. At Home, it is true, he never wants Amuſement: Sure in the Day Time to be entertain'd with ſeeing his Children either humour'd into Impertinencies, or chaſtiſed into Faults, and render'd incorrigible by the Folly, Paſſion, and Caprice of their fond, fickle, fooliſh Mother; to contradict whom, would coſt nothing leſs than the Price of another Child. Then that he may not grow tired with ſuch Entertainments by daily Repetition, they are ever ſucceeded by an Evening Interlude of Vapours, Ratafee, and Tears, till Bed invites him to Repoſe; where, after he has glutted the kind Creature's fonder Fits, he is generally lull'd to Sleep, and awaken'd from it, by the Melody of a Curtain-Serenade. Now, can it be denied, after all, that *Uberia*'s Huſband is a happy *Man*; and that all *Men* have Reaſon to eſteem the *Women* for their prolific Merit?

But that they ſhould be entitled to any Part of our Eſteem, for nurſing the Children they bring forth

forth for their Pleaſure, I ſee nothing in it. What is it they do for Infants, which would not be much better done by the *Men*, if they were not call'd away from that meaner Taſk, to provide for the Safety and Suſtenance of them and their Mothers? Indeed, they may ſave the Expence of Milk, which we cannot: But how much more cheaply might this Defect be ſupplied from a Cow, a Goat, or an Aſs, than from them? And how few *Women* of any Condition of Life have Œconomy enough to ſave us this ſuperfluous Expence! Too delicate themſelves, to beſtow on the Fruits of their own Bowels the Nutriment which Heaven and Nature deſign them, don't they force us to hire a mercenary Wretch to ſtarve her own Babe that She may give Suck to ours? Pretty Nurſes indeed! Happy for Man that the Life of an Infant does not intirely depend on the Liberality of *Woman* in this Particular! And how much happier would it not be for all Infants, were they ſnatched from the Arms of the *Women*, in the Inſtant they are born! How much more healthy, wiſe, and comely would they grow! For 'tis notorious, that the longer a Child ſucks, the more weakly and ſtupid it turns out; and that thoſe which ſuck at all are never ſo wiſe, ſo ſtrong, or well form'd, as thoſe which are brought up by Hand. The Reaſon is plain: With the Milk they ſuck in, they generally imbibe a Tincture of the Follies, Paſſions, and Imbecillities of that Sex, beſides having their various Diſtempers entail'd upon them.

However, as this is a Means of Humiliation pointed out to us by Nature, we are not to condemn it, but to apply to it, when not to be avoided without Danger to the Infant. The greater Miſchief is that which comes from the Weakneſs of *Women* in their Manner of educating us. With what innumerable Follies, Vices, and Impertinencies do they not fill Childrens Heads, by their Example and Precepts,

Precepts, during the Time of their nurſing them! To what ſecret Crimes do they often make them privy; and to what ſhameful Inconſiſtencies do they not publicly expoſe and encourage them!

I can forgive a Mother for putting a Doll into the Hands of her Daughters as ſoon as they are able to hold it. As the great End of their Semi-Creation is the getting Children, it may not be abſolutely improper to follow their natural Propenſity to that Duty, while they are but Children themſelves. But for this Diligence in an induſtrious Parent, here and there one of them might be ſo aukwardly innocent as not to know the eſſential Difference of her own Sex from the oppoſite, till the Period of her paſſing from a Maid to a Mother. Whereas, by this and other Helps they are generally ſupplied with, they often are as well verſed, as the moſt ſkilful Matron, in the Theory, if not in the practical Knowledge of Propagation, long before they are ripe for the Fruits of it. A very uſeful Science to ſome young Ladies, who have been able to inſtruct an ignorant Booby of a Huſband in the ſacred and ſecret Rites of Wedlock, in a much more familiar Manner than the modeſt *Albertus* could pretend to.

But I can by no Means be reconciled to their training up our Boys, as they do, from their earlieſt Infancy, to Folly, Foppery, Effeminacy, and Vice. If little Maſter muſt be humour'd into Pride, Idleneſs, or Miſchief; why ſhould he be taught to lye, cajole, diſſemble to all above him, and domineer over all beneath him? If it is thought ſo neceſſary to acquaint him with the Greatneſs of his Birth and Fortune, with the Handſomneſs of his Perſon, or the Acuteneſs of his Underſtanding, or any Advantages he poſſeſſes above others, deſign'd by Nature for his Equals; why muſt he be taught to make no better Uſe of them, than to diſregard the Authority of thoſe above him, to envy his Equals, to deſpiſe

his Inferiors, and render himſelf the Contempt of all who know him, by an unlimited Gratification of his lawleſs Paſſions? Let his fond fooliſh Mother think it wonderfully pretty to initiate the young Urchin in the Myſtery of intriguing with the little Miſſes his Companions: But let her not expoſe him to the Danger of practiſing thoſe Intrigues in her Abſence, by abandoning him to the corrupt Company of the wanton Wenches her Servants. And yet how many of our Youth, by ſuch ſhocking Education, have been utterly debauch'd, at an Age when we ſhould ſcarce think it poſſible for them to have parted with Innocence! Have we not then the greateſt Reaſon to eſteem and revere that Sex on Account of the Obligations we have to them for our early Advances in the Knowledge of Good and Evil? Muſt not we be loſt to all Reaſon, if we are not pleaſed with theſe eminent Services which the pretty Creatures are ſo induſtrious to do us? Or if not; muſt not *Sophia* be loſt to all Shame, ſhould ſhe again repeat, without a Bluſh, what ſhe has ſo inconſiderately advanced, "that their Office of nurſing "our Children, intitles them to the *firſt Places in* "*civil Society?*" If I had a Mind to be ſevere, I could tell them, that it is owing to our own Generoſity that we give them any Place at all; and that nothing, but the Want of Power to annihilate them, or to create a lower Degree for them, can excuſe our leaving them in Poſſeſſion, even of the loweſt Place in Society. But I chooſe to drop a Subject ſo much the more diſagreeable as we are daily made ſenſible of the Truth of it. I ſhall therefore immediately paſs to another Conſideration.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Whether Women *are equal to* Men *in their Intellectual Capacity, or not.*

IF the Buſineſs of the Mind were nothing more than to contrive a Dreſs; to invent a new Faſhion; to ſet off a bad Face; to heighten the Charms of a good one; to underſtand the Œconomy of a Tea-table; to manage an Intrigue; to conduct a Game at *Quadrille*; and to lay out new Plans of Pleaſure, Pride, and Luxury: the *Women* muſt be owned to have a Capacity not only *equal*, but even ſuperior to us. But, as the Underſtanding of *Man* has infinitely higher Objects to employ its Speculations on, Objects beyond the very Aim of the ableſt of *Women*; their intellectual Faculties are ſo evidently inferior to his, that I ſhould think it an Impertinence in me to take up any Time to prove it, if my fair Adverſary was not *Woman* enough to call ſo palpable a Truth in Queſtion.

Need we look any farther than their ſoft, ſimpering, ſilly Faces, to fathom the perceptible Depth of their Underſtandings? View the whole Sex round:

Eternal Smiles their *Emptineſs betray*,
As ſhallow Streams run dimpling all the Way. Pope.

A thoughtleſs Stare, a wild Vivacity, a ſleepy Pertneſs, giddy Gravity, or ſome ſuch other Senſe-defying Look, betray, in *all*, the narrow Space between the Surface and the Centre of their mimic Wit. How well the maſterly Limner knew them, who ſnatched from them the Graces he ſo ſkilfully beſtowed on *Sporus*, that Copy of themſelves, in-

ſpired too by them, as they by *Satan!* As nothing can ſhew the finiſhed Maſtery of that excellent Piece in a fairer Light, than giving back to its pretty Originals whatever is borrowed from them, it cannot be amiſs to do it, conſidering it requires but little Alteration: A Preſumption, I dare ſay, that ingenious Author will excuſe.

Whether in florid Impotence they ſpeak,
And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppets ſqueak;
Or, Eve's true Spawn, and Tools of th'ancient *Toad,*
Half Froth, half Venom, ſpit themſelves abroad;
In Puns, or Politics, or Tales, or Lyes,
Or Spite, or Smut, or Rhymes, or Blaſphemies:
Their *Wit all See-ſaw, between* that *and* this;
Now high, now low; now forward, now remiſs;
And each herſelf *one* dull *Antitheſis.*
Amphibious Things! that, acting either Part,
The trifling Head, or the corrupted Heart,
Bullies at Cards, and Flirts when *at the* * *Board,*
Now jilt *like Dames, now* ſwear *like any Lord.*
Their *Tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt;*
A Cherub's Face, a Reptile all the reſt:
Beauty that ſhocks you; Parts that none will truſt;
Wit that muſt *creep, and Pride that licks the Duſt.*

In fact, what is all their Diſcourſe but *Froth?* What inſpires it but Venom? In what does their Sprightlineſs appear, but in empty Puns, Conundrums, Rebuſes, trifling Politics, or miſchievous Lyes? They, who ſhine moſt amongſt them, are ſuch as have nothing to entertain you with but Scandal, Indecency, Hypocriſy, or Impiety. What is their Wit, but a mere See-ſaw from one Inconſiſtency to another? Their Converſation is ever ſkrewed up to Bombaſt, when it ſhould be familiar; or ſunk into Meanneſs, when the Subject they preſume to

* The *Tea board,* not the *Council-board,* which *Sophia* contends for.

to meddle with is ſublime. Where they ſhould be ſilent, they are as forward to prate, as they are remiſs in ſpeaking on proper Occaſions. In ſhort, their Talk, like their Perſons, is one continued inſipid Antitheſis. Amphibious Things indeed! whoſe impotent Eagerneſs to be like *Man* ſerves only to ſhew, that they are but mere mechanic Rote-repeaters of *his* Words, and unſucceſsful Mimics of *his* Senſe. How unlike are they at their Tea-tables to the ſenſible Things they would be thought; and at the Card-table how ſhort of the Spirit of the noble Creatures they would be! There is nothing of a Piece in them, but the Corruption of their Hearts, and the low Cunning of their Heads. If ever they ſucceed in aping us, it is in what is a Diſgrace to Underſtanding. Whenever they attempt it, they can ſwear as well as the greateſt Libertine among us; though ſtill without excelling the Parrot in any thing but the Guilt. Thus ever actuated by Perverſity, they are never truly like *us*; and are never *themſelves*, but when they jilt us: Though in that, Thanks to their native Talents, they ſeldom fail to be *true Women*. How ill-beſtowed then on theſe fantaſtic Things is the Beauty we admire in them! And if it was beſtowed on them by Nature, to decoy us into a Commerce with them, for the Benefit of Propagation; muſt it not ſtill ſhock our Reaſon, when we conſider it accompanied only with Parts which we can reap no Benefit from, nor place any Confidence in? And what Aſſiſtance can we hope from their falſe Wit, as groveling as the Pride it inſpires them with?

But *Sophia*, it ſeems, would fain make a Handle of the Beauty of her Sex to impoſe upon us an Opinion of their Senſe; and becauſe "the Organs of the "Body are more delicate in them, therefore they "muſt be fitter to anſwer the Ends they were made "for." True, in one Senſe, the Organs of *Women* were

were designed for finical Amusements; and therefore were made more delicate than *ours*, in that Sense of the Word. But if by *delicate* she means more perfectly or exactly formed; I must insist, that Experience in the Use proves *ours* to be more solidly and exactly formed than those of the *Women:* And it is fit they should be so, considering the more noble Uses they were designed for, and are employed in. But, granting for a Minute, that the Organs of Sense are as perfect in *Women* as in *Men*, and yet more delicate; what can *Sophia* infer, but that they are more liable to be thrown into Disorder; and therefore the less to be depended upon? As the Mechanism of a Watch, the more minute, gim, and delicate it is, the more is it subject to Inconstancy. A Consideration which I willingly mention, to apologize, as much as the Nature of the Thing will bear, for that otherwise unaccountable Inconstancy in which alone the Fair Sex are ever constant.

Not that I intirely come into my soft Antagonist's Opinion, that the Organs in *Women* are any more adapted to the natural Functions of the Mind than in *Men*; perhaps they are less so: For the external Sleekness of their pretty Forms is no Proof of the internal Perfection of their Organization. And to imagine a *Woman* must have Sense because she is handsome, would be as absurd as to think, that a House must needs be finely furnished within, because the Outside is beautiful: An Error to be excused in none but a *Woman*.

What Angel can Imagination paint more beautiful than *Pavonia!* What Reptile more insensate! To reason by *Sophia*'s Rule, our Eyes would cheat us into a Belief, that she surpasses all the Sages Time has yet produced. And yet hear her but speak, you will almost doubt if Heaven had any Hand in making a Thing at once so fair and foolish, though so like a *Man*. Never guilty of Design, she never

never looks like it. Her Smiles and Frowns, alike Effects of Accident, want Power to pleaſe or diſpleaſe. Her Words, mere liquid Sounds of half-articulated Nonſenſe, guſh from her pretty coral-ſpouted Mouth with ſuch unmeaning Energy, or drip with ſuch deliberate Drawl, that even Ridicule is robbed of all its Zeſt. Frequent in Blunders, ſhe excites no Laugh in others; but often laughs herſelf, when ſhe ſhould be moſt ſerious. Her Miſbehaviour moves no Anger; and her Favours lay no Obligations but upon ſuch as are little wiſer than herſelf. Every Motion, every Air, betrays the Fool; whom they who have Senſe can ſcarce ſtoop to pity, and they who have none ſcarce condeſcend to envy. In a Word, gazed at by all, ſhe is admired and converſed with by none but Ideots and *Women*; amidſt whom, while ſhe alternately reigns the Idol of Flattery, and ſlaviſhly ſinks the Dupe of Deceit, ſhe is ſtill looked down upon, by all *Men* of Senſe, with the ſame Contempt as the comely Peacock: Though worthy greater Scorn in this; that the more beauteous Bird bears all his Blemiſh in his Feet, while her Diſgrace is ſeated in her Head: his Deformity abates his Pride, while hers but ſerves to make her more incorrigibly vain. Muſt it not be owned then, that Beauty is a convincing Proof of Senſe in its fair Poſſeſſors! But *Sophia* perhaps will anſwer, that one black Feather makes no Crow. Let us then ſee how much wiſer the reſt of her Sex are than pretty ſimple *Pavonia*.

It is a common Rule, and liable to very few Miſtakes, to gueſs at People's Genius by their Company. To know then the Capacity of the Fair Sex, let us but ſurvey their favourite Companions: Eye them, and you will find them the very Dregs of our Sex; Fops, whoſe whole Merit is made up of Dreſs and Drivel, Shew and Emptineſs; mere Jackdaws and Parrots; nay, rather, gawdy Screech-owls made

made fine with plundered Plumes ; laced Waiſt-coats, ſmart Toupees, light Heels, and lighter Heads, are all they have to recommend them to the Ladies ; yet they are ſure to pleaſe, becauſe eminently qualified to diſcuſs the weightieſt Argument on Country-dances, to decide the Fate of Faſhions, ſquare the Round of a *Woman*'s Petticoat, and take the Latitude of a Nightcap from the Equinox of her Noddle, or the Longitude of two Lappets by the Meridian of her Whims. Not that I the leaſt blame the lovely female Triflers who are pleaſed with them: It is but natural for Birds of a Feather to aſſociate ; and ſince Likeneſs ever begets Liking, why ſhould they not be fondeſt of thoſe *Men* whoſe Follies are neareſt to their own? But then I would not have them boaſt of an *Equality* of Senſe with thoſe *Men*, whoſe ſuperior Underſtanding is all they have to find fault with.

It will be to little Purpoſe for *Sophia*, to quote me the illuſtrious Names of many of the greateſt Wits of all Ages who have admired, and been admired by, the *Women*. Has not the Succeſs they have met with been more owing to their being *Men*, than to their having Senſe? *Anacreon*, the polite, the witty *Anacreon*, with all his fine Parts, reaped nothing from his Purſuit of thoſe unſettled Things, but the Contempt of his Agedneſs: And *Theocritus* himſelf makes no Secret of the little Encouragement he met with. The leſſer Poets indeed, as well as *Ovid* and *Horace*, received ſome Marks of their Favour ; but what were theſe mighty Favours, if you will believe their own Boaſts, but the ſhareing the Lewdneſs of their Miſtreſſes with half the Town? If I leave the Claſſics, it will be an endleſs Toil to enumerate the many Inſtances that thought-abhorring Sex have, at all Times, and on all Occaſions, furniſhed, of the Preference they give to Fools before *Men* of Parts. But where is the

Neceſ-

Neceſſity of recurring to other Times and Countries for what our own can produce? Of all our fine Ladies, induſtrious in adorning the Brows of their Huſbands, where is there one who does it with a Man of true Wit? Of all our pretty Widows, ruin'd by ſecond Adventures, where is there one who does it with a *Man* of any Merit? Search but the Regiſters of the Fleet, and you ſhall find Numbers of our faireſt, brighteſt Heireſſes, charm'd away from their Guardians by Lacqueys, Valet-de-chambres, and powdered empty Coxcombs; but ſcarce one ſtoln Match with a really rational Creature. In ſhort, who are the Perſons who can boaſt of the Favours of all our fineſt *Women*, but Wretches too low for the Jeſt of our Sex, and too much like theirs to differ from them in any thing but one ſingle Circumſtance. Let the amorous Billets they ſcribble be produced; and for every one that is directed to a Man of Senſe, I will allow them a Grain of Underſtanding more than they are intitled to.

But ſurely they are not all void of Underſtanding. No; but to fathom the Depth of their Underſtandings, remark only the Objects which employ them. Frequent their Drawing Rooms, and liſten to their Converſation: What is that filled up with but cloying Repetitions of ſtale Impertinencies to every new Viſiter? One Part of the Week, the Day is waſted in viſiting and contriving Viſits to Perſons they hope not to find at Home, and the Night in receiving Viſits from Perſons they would rather be almoſt blind than have the Sight of: The other Part, their Mornings, are laid out in interrupting ſome Tradeſman whom they know to be buſy, and lulling their own Time as well as murdering his, in rummaging his Shop for Goods they neither want nor purpoſe to buy; and their Evenings are eked out with Tea, Slander, Operas, and Quadrille, when the Intrigues on their Hands

are not interfered with. In a Word, upon Examining them thoroughly, it muſt be owned, that not all the Bloom on their Cheeks, nor the Waſhes they owe it to, can make any tolerable Amends, in the Eſteem of a wiſe *Man*, for the Folly, Vanity, Affectation, Malice, Deceit, and Impertinence, which appear in all they ſay, and inſpire all they do.

And yet it muſt be granted, there are *Women*, who employ their Underſtandings on higher Objects; who can try to reaſon; and almoſt ſucceed in it. Nay there are ſome can write, can even ſpell; and, what is more, can turn a Sophiſtry to look not altogether unlike an Argument. And therefore it would be quite ungenerous not to allow a Brilliancy of Wit (however falſe) in ſome of them. Eſpecially ſince my pretty ſmooth Antagoniſt has given ſo late a Proof of it in herſelf. And yet even ſhe

Had ſhe been bleſt with only half *her Senſe,*
None could admire too much her Excellence.
But ſince ſhe can make Error ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With Underſtanding ſhe is quite o'er-run;
And, by too great Accompliſhments, undone.
With Skill ſhe vibrates her unwearied Tongue,
For ever moſt divinely in the Wrong. Young.

So dangerous is a little Underſtanding to that tender Sex! How happy is it then, that Learning but ſeldom moleſts them! What ſtrange Diſtraction would it not create in their poor tender Heads! Is not *Sophia*'s Self a living Demonſtration, that to them

A little Learning is a dangerous Thing?

And they, alas! poor pretty Creatures, have neither Breath nor Brains to *drink* of Knowledge *deeply*.

Good

Good Senſe and Tea they are forced to ſip alike: Their Heads and Stomachs, of equal Delicacy, can beſt digeſt the ſhalloweſt Draughts of all but Mum and Miſchief. Let thus much then ſuffice to ſhew *Sophia* how little Room ſhe has to complain of Want of Learning in her Sex; and how much leſs, for any Parallel between her Sex and ours in Point of Underſtanding; when her own Eſſay plainly proves, how ſhort the brighteſt of them fall of *Man*'s ſuperior Wiſdom. Is there nothing leſs will ſerve the *Women*'s Turn than having an equal Share with us in Government and public Offices? Let us then weigh their beſt Pretenſions to ſo extraordinary a Privilege.

CHAP. IV.

Whether the Women *are equally qualified with* Men, *for Government, and publick Offices.*

OUR female Champion is in a very great Paſſion with *Cato*, for excluding her Sex from all Government; and, I muſt own, not without ſome Appearance of Reaſon. For it is certainly true, that *Cato* was not the moſt well-bred Man who ever ſpoke of them. He had too little of the Courtier in him to flatter; and ſpoke too plain Truth not to ſet a pretty Lady, who wants to wear the Breeches, on pouting. But *Sophia* would have much more Reaſon to be angry with him, if he had been the only one of Opinion that *Women* are to be ever kept in Subjection. Whereas, unluckily for them, all the greateſt Sages of Antiquity, as well as the wiſeſt Legiſlators of all Ages, have been of the ſame Mind. The greateſt *Poets*, the moſt eminent *Divines*, the brighteſt *Orators*, the ableſt *Hiſtorians*,

the moſt ſkilful *Phyſicians*, and the profoundeſt *Philoſophers*, in a Word, all who have been famous for excelling in Learning, Wiſdom, and Parts, have condemn'd the *Women* to perpetual Subjection, as leſs noble, leſs perfect, and conſequently inferior to *Men*. The Laws of all Common-wealths are ſo many Confirmations of the Subjection they have ever been in. Neither can the *Men* free them from this Subjection, without revolting againſt the Decree of Heaven, which appointed them Maſters, as I have already ſhewn, and therefore need not repeat. There are not wanting other Texts of Scripture to confirm this Matter: *Eccleſiaſticus*, Ch. vii. abſolutely forbids the *Men* to give *Woman* any Power over their Minds; and the Prophet *Micah* poſitively ſays to them, *Keep the Doors of thy Mouth from her who lieth in thy Boſom.*

Agreeable to this are the Sentiments of the moſt eminent *Divines* and *Fathers* of the *Church*, "*Woman*, ſays St. *Auguſtin*, can neither teach nor "teſtify, and is alike unqualified to give Evidence "or Judgment, how much leſs then is ſhe fit to "govern?" And elſewhere he aſſigns the plain Reaſon why they ought to be ſubject to the Authority of the *Men*: "Natural Order, *ſays he*, a-"mong Mankind requires, that the *Women* ſhould "ſerve the *Men*, and Children their Parents; "Juſtice demanding, that the *leſſer* ſhould ſerve the "*greater*." St. *Ambroſe* carries Reaſon yet farther, to prove the Juſtice of the Authority which *Men* exert over them: "*Adam* was deceived by *Eve*, "not *Eve* by *Adam*; the *Woman* inticed him to "Sin, therefore is it but juſt that ſhe receive him "for her Maſter whom ſhe made to be her Accom-"plice, that ſhe may no more be liable to fall thro' "feminine Frailty." Among the primitive Chriſtians it was cuſtomary for the Women to be married in Veils; and St. *Iſidore* gives us the Reaſon

for

for it, " that they might remember always to be " *ſubmiſſive* and *humble* to their Huſbands.

How exactly of a Mind are the *Divines* and the *Poets! Euripides* tells us, that of all Animals, eſpecially intellectual ones, *Woman* is the pooreſt Thing. Therefore, ſays *Pittacus*, " keep *Womankind* ſub- " ject." *Tibullus* ſays, " they are a cruel Genera- " tion, void of all Faith." *Menander* ſays almoſt the ſame; and adds, that " when a *Woman* ſpeaks " with moſt Affability, it is then ſhe is moſt to be " dreaded." And, if we believe *Plautus*, " When " once a *Woman* has any Miſchief in her Head, " Sickneſs, nay, what is worſe, old Age, is leſs " inſupportable to her, than being thwarted in the " Purſuit of it: Either let her complete it, or you " make her completely miſerable. But if by Chance " or Whim ſhe attempts any thing that is good, " How ſoon is ſhe tired and ſick of it! Whatever " you do, if ſhe begins any thing tolerable, never " be afraid of her hurting herſelf; ſhe will be ſure " to do little enough: For *Women* have a natural " Genius for exceeding in Miſchief, but are never " guilty of Exceſs in what is right.

The greateſt *Orators* are not the moſt favourable to them; and the beſt Character *Cicero*, one of the ableſt, had to give them, was, that they are a co- vetous Race, ſovereignly ruled by the inordinate Love of Lucre. Nor are the *Phyſicians* a Jot more in their Intereſt: We are aſſured by *Philo*, that the *Women*, according to the common received Opi- nion of the Faculty, " are but a kind of imperfect " *Men*; that their Underſtandings are naturally " weaker than ours; and that they are incapable " of comprehending any thing but what immedi- " ately falls under the Juriſdiction of their Senſa- " tion.

If we credit *Hiſtorians*, whoſe Opinions are the leſs to be ſuſpected, as being founded on the irre-

fragable

fragable Evidence of Experience, we ſhall find them every where a weak and inconſiſtent Generation, ever irreſiſtably led away by ſome predominant Paſſion, which enſlaves and engroſſes them. "The "Fair Sex (ſays *Tacitus*) is not only weak and un- "equal to Toil, but, if Truth may be ſpoken, "cruel, ambitious, and greedy after Power." *Valerius Maximus* goes yet farther, and aſſures us, that the Practice of Poiſon had ſtill been unknown, if the cruel Artifice of that Sex had not made it neceſſary to enact Laws againſt it.

Cato then was not the only wiſe *Man* who thought the *Women* unfit to govern. The *Sacred Writers* tell us, they are not to be truſted. *Divines*, *Poets*, *Orators*, *Phyſicians*, and *Hiſtorians* agree, that they are weak, ſilly, poor, fickle, cruel, ambitious Things, ever forward in Miſchief, ever Sluggards in Good. Pretty Qualifications truly to intitle them to Government and public Offices!

But let us ſuſpend our Judgment till we hear what the *Philoſophers* think. *Ariſtotle* tells us, that "a City muſt needs be wretchedly governed which "is governed by *Women*." And well may he think ſo, who tells us, that "the Judgment of "Boys is only imperfect, but that of *Women* is "abſolutely impotent.

To which if we add their natural Itch of Tattling, their invincible Curioſity, and their innate Averſion to Secrecy, it can no longer be doubted that they are abſolutely unfit for public Government, and every Office connected with it. Nothing is more requiſite in one who is intruſted with Government, than a Steadineſs which no Curioſity can make giddy; and nothing is more powerful, to make a *Woman* give up the moſt important Intereſts of her own or others, than Curioſity. Secrecy is the very Soul of public Adminiſtration: Which to require from that tongue-puniſhed Race, would be downright

downright Barbarity. The wiſe *Romans* were thoroughly convinced of the natural Incapacity of *Women* for keeping a Secret; and therefore were kind enough to them, never to intruſt any of them with one. Every one knows the Stratagem young *Papirius* was forced to make uſe of to ſatisfy his Mother's Curioſity, without betraying the Secrets of the Senate. Being one Day extremely ſolicited by her to reveal the Subject of that Morning's Debate, to rid himſelf of her Importunities, he was reduced to the Neceſſity of feigning, that a Law was propoſed to allow the *Men* a Plurality of Wives. There needed no more to alarm the whole Sex. *Papirius*'s Mother, ſpite of her ſolemn Engagements, divulges it to all the *Women* ſhe knew, and they to as many more; till the whole Tribe of Wives, acquainted with it, formed themſelves into a League, and began to make open Oppoſition to a Law ſo odious to them. How ſafe would the young *Senator* have been, had he been indiſcreet enough to truſt his tattling Mother with a real Secret as he did with a Fiction.

Plutarch tells us of another *Senator*, who, teazed by his Wife, on the like Score, beyond all Power of Toleration, and unwilling to mortify her, told her, that a Lark being ſeen to fly over the Senate-houſe with a golden Helmet on his Head, and a Spear in his Claws, the *Augurs* had been conſulted, to know what it could portend. To make it appear the more like a real Secret, he had had the Precaution to exact from her the moſt ſolemn Vows of Privacy; aſſuring her, that nothing leſs than his Life could attone for his divulging it to her, ſhould it be known he had done ſo. But what Force could the Fear of a Huſband's Death have to make a *Woman* keep a Secret, who muſt herſelf burſt, or vent it? No ſooner had her Huſband taken Leave of her, to return again to the Senate, than ſhe

eaſed

eaſed herſelf of the intolerable Burthen; and the Tale flew ſo ſwiftly about the City, that, before he got to his Journey's End, he had it whiſpered in his Ear, as a profound Secret, by one who ſuppoſed him to have been abſent from the Senate. At his Return home he charges his Wife with having undone him. But ſhe, with a Confidence peculiar to that Sex, flatly denies her having divulged what he intruſted her with; and to ſilence him at once, Of three hundred Senators in the Houſe, why ſhould the Secret be ſuppoſed to come from you alone? ſays ſhe. She had carried her Boldneſs yet farther, but for his ſtopping her Mouth, by telling her, that it was a Fiction of his own making.

Fulvius was far from coming off ſo well; but he muſt blame himſelf for knowing *Womankind* no better. We are obliged to *Plutarch* for the Account. *Auguſtus* diſpleaſed with *Fulvius*, for diſinheriting his own Nephews in Favour of *Livia*'s Children, blamed him for it; and he, like a ſilly Dotard, was weak enough to tell his Wife: She immediately tells the Empreſs of it; and the Empreſs upbraided the Emperor with it; ſo that the next time *Fulvius* went to Court, he received a ſevere Reprimand from *Auguſtus*, and had the Pleaſure to find himſelf ruin'd. And what did he get by returning home to tell his Wife what ſhe had done, and that he was reſolved to ſtab himſelf? Why, no other Satisfaction than to be anſwered, that he was a Fool, and deſerved no better Fate, for living with her ſo long without finding out that ſhe was a true *Woman*, and could not keep a Secret.

What ſhall we ſay after this? Shall we agree with *Sophia*, that the *Women* are fit for Government and public Offices? or, ſhall we not rather conclude them abſolutely unqualified for them; and that the Ancients were undoubtedly right in ſaying, that WOMEN *are no more to be truſted than their* WOMBS:

Wombs: Theſe being not more liable to miſcarry of their Fruits, than they of the Truſts we depoſite in them?

If *England* has been ſo wiſe as to admit theſe Evils to reign over us; when neceſſary to avoid greater Evils, is that any Proof that they are qualified for it? No, 'twas not their Capacity, but our Prudence placed them on the Throne, to remove Occaſions of Blood-ſhed, and other ill Effects of civil Diſſention. And tho' it muſt be confeſs'd that during the Reign of ſome of our *Women*, this Nation has been in its moſt flouriſhing Condition; yet to which ſhould we attribute it, the Capacity of the ſoft Cyphers placed over us, or the Wiſdom of the Miniſtry which made them of ſome Account. Mere Adjectives of Nature; what Uſe could they have been of but for the ſubſtantial Support of their Counſel and Parliament? Into which none, even of themſelves, ever thought it worth while to introduce a *Woman*.

However, I am apt to think, that the pretty fawning Faces of theſe fair Creatures would go a great Way, towards wheedling us into the Folly of admitting them to a Share in publick Offices, if we could but diſcern in them the leaſt Talent for governing their own Families. Whereas, without much Study, we need but ſtep into the next Houſe we can think of, where the *Gray Mare is the better Horſe*, to find a *Babylon* of Anarchy and Confuſion.

Belluina's is the firſt in my Mind; let us then pay her a Viſit. To do her Juſtice, nothing can be more decent than her Apartments; her whole Houſe, from the Cellars to the Stairs, from the Kitchen to the Cloſet, are ſo many varied Scenes of finiſhed Neatneſs; not the meaneſt Piece of Furniture owes its Situation to the Hand of Chance; every Table has its proper Poſt; every Picture its Fellow; there's not a Chair a Hairs Breadth from its Place;

not a Carpet but what is mathematically ſpread; nay, woe to Mrs. *Betty*, if the very *China* is not as regularly diſpoſed as the Features in her Ladyſhip's Face. From ſuch an orderly Œconomy in Trifles, who wou'd not expect to find a little Commonwealth, where Peace and Decorum have taken up their Reſidence? But a Moments Patience, and the all-divulging Tea-Table will ſet you right. An inſufferable Troop of ill-trained Brats are called in to expoſe their Want of Manners, and put yours to the Trial. Pretty Miſs muſt throw your Hat about, Maſter *Jacky* muſt put his Fingers in your Eyes, *Charly* in your Diſh, and if *Tommy*, her Favourite, for never doing what his Father bids him, ſhould offer to wipe his greaſy Fingers on your Coat, you muſt ſuffer him to do ſo, or be as much in her Diſgrace as *John*, who had his Head broke but an Hour ago, for haſtily ſetting *Veny* upon the bare Ground, to ſave my Lord from falling down Stairs. Happily for *John* he is in her Ladyſhip's good Graces, or he had fared no better than *Fanny* the Houſe-maid, who had Warning given her, for letting a Tea-cup fall to hinder the Houſe from taking Fire. But this lucky Fellow, who is too much uſed to his Lady to be often guilty of ſuch Miſtakes, has abſolutely rooted himſelf into his Poſt, by once leaving a Butt of Wine to run about the Cellar, rather than let the Parrot call him twice. So deſpotic is *Belluina* in her Family! Her Children, ſure never to be corrected but when they behave well, are inceſſantly rude and unruly; and her Servants, never ſure that her Ladyſhip will think what they do right, are always doing wrong, with as ſedate a Confuſion as the Workmen of *Babel*. If you call for a Tea-ſpoon, a Saucer is brought you; and if you have a Mind for Sugar, you muſt call for the Milk-pot. But it's Time to leave this orderly Lady, Miſs's Cap you ſee is the tenth Part

of

of an Inch awry; the Lightning in her Mother's Looks are portentous of a Storm, and once it breaks out, the Houſe will be too hot for every one in it. Her Ladyſhip can bear any thing but Diſorder in Trifles; but that, like a true Woman, ſhe is ſo averſe to, that ſhe'll rather throw herſelf, her Family, and even her Country into Confuſion, than ſuffer the Symmetry of a Curl or a Cap to be broken with Impunity. Whence it appears, that all this excellent Lady's Qualifications for Government, are owing to her happy Want of Senſe to ſet others right, and of Temper to curb herſelf when wrong.

Litterinda has a great deal more Temper, but much leſs Senſe than *Belluina*. She can with incredible Calmneſs ſee her Houſe a perpetual Dunghill, for want of Brains to reflect how ill it becomes the Fortune ſhe has, and the Figure ſhe affects. She has a Number of Servants, every one of which is too buſy, in helping their Miſtreſs to litter the Rooms, ever to be clean themſelves: Neither is it fit they ſhould diſgrace their Superiors by being leſs dirty than they are. About ſeven Months ago, before ſhe was a Widow, I went, for the firſt and laſt Time, to breakfaſt with her and her gouty Huſband and Family. The dirty Diſorder of the Room I was introduced to, offended me leſs, than the Rankneſs of my Company poiſon'd me. It is true, I was forced to ſtand for ſome Time, every Chair in the Place being taken up with ſome greaſy Heap; one with foul Plates, another with the Lady's Stays, and the reſt with miſcellaneous Dirt. At length however I was help'd to a Chair, and a Diſh of excellent Coffee from a Silver Tea-board, placed on a large Table near my old gouty Friend, and jumbled together with a mangled Piece of Beef, a Woman's dirty Night-cap, a Comb-bruſh, an old Stocking, and a Urinal. The Converſation I was entertain'd with, was of a Piece with the Perſons

who held it: 'Twas an Argument between the Lady and her Husband, who wou'd fain have persuaded her that one clean Shift a Week could not prejudice her Health. But with all her Meekness she had been put out of Temper, if Mamma's own Daughter had not taken up the Argument, and insisted that the Trouble was needless, when a Pair of Sleeves wou'd do as well. It must be thought I cou'd not be fond of staying in such a disorderly Jakes: Accordingly I took Leave, never to return thither again. My old Friend follow'd my Example not long after: He died in about two Months, and was sent to rot in a decent Tomb, after having lived many Years buried in a disorderly Sink of Sluttery. However, I have been lately inform'd, that this Lady has put her Children in a terrible Fright, by turning cleanly at last. They are under dreadful Apprehensions of her marrying again; and not without some Reason: For she has washed her Hands and Face twice since my Friend's Death, has the Dining-room swept once a Week, and has shifted her no less than three Times in one Fortnight. Whatever might be said of *Litterinda* the Wife, it cannot be disown'd that the Widow discovers a tolerable Disposition for Government, and publick Offices. For if outward Cleanliness is any Proof of inward Neatness, and if an ordinary Outside is an Indication of no Confusion within, why may not she be at least advanced to the Dignity of Mistress of the Ceremonies to the Court?

Priscilla is akin to neither of the former: Not finically nice, nor carelessly sluttish. She loves Neatness, and knows when she sees it, but has been too genteelly bred to be able to give any Directions towards it. For the very Œconomy of her Table, she is forced to depend upon the Discretion of her Servants: And if her Housekeeper shou'd desert her, she wou'd be as much puzzled to order a Dinner,

ner, as a blind Man could be to find his Way without a Guide. This was a Secret to her Husband, till an unlucky Accident brought him acquainted with it. One Day, when he was without a Housekeeper, he came Home, and desired his Wife to add another Dish to the Table, because he shou'd have an Acquaintance or two at Dinner with him. She did as he order'd her, and the Gentlemen, when they sat down, had the solid Satisfaction of two Legs of Mutton and Turnips to feed on at the first Course.

In Justice to that Sex, I must not put an End to this Subject, without taking Notice of *Prudentia*. She is one of your notable *Women*, a tip-top Housewife I assure you. There's not a Secret in domestic Management unknown to her. She can metamorphose a Leg of Mutton to a Haunch of Venison, make the *Lark* transmigrate to an *Ortolan*, and transform *English* Hogs Flesh, into as good *Westphalia* Ham as ever was imported into *Great-Britain*. She is perfectly acquainted with the Mystery of making Butter and Cheese, Jellies, Conserves, Sweet-meats, Cordials, and what not. Gardening she is quite learned in, and at the Needle she is perfect Mistress. Nay, she is a good Accomptant too. In short, nothing which relates to Œconomy comes amiss to her. And yet she is not vain of all these Accomplishments; for tho' she often plagues us with her Dissertations upon these Subjects, 'tis ever with the commendable View of learning what she knows not, or shewing us how much she does know. So far is she from being proud, that she has stoop'd to the humble Office of boiling an Egg; and, to shew how fit she was to govern, she submitted once, in her Husbands Life Time, to boil him a Pig, pursuant to his own Request. But, such is the Fatality of that poor Sex, she has forfeited, since a Widow, all her Reputation of Wisdom, in

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the Management of her Children; tho' ſhe has but two to manage. Poſſeſs'd of a thouſand Pounds a Year, at her own Diſpoſal, ſhe has withſtood the Temptation of a ſecond Match, to lay up all for them; and has made no better Uſe of it than to ruin one by Exceſs of Extravagance, and the other by extreme Niggardlineſs. By giving her Daughter a Profuſion of Money and Liberty, ſhe has afforded her the Means to gain the Title of Mother independent of Wedlock; and to make Amends for that Error, in the Care of her Son, has kept him ſo ſhort of Money, that to get rid of a Twelve-penny Dun, he has married a Fritter Woman. Strange as this Circumſtance is, 'tis not more ſtrange than true. Nevertheleſs *Prudentia* cannot be charged with want of Love. All the Defect lies in that Want of Talent for Government, which is ſo evident in that tender Sex. It can no longer then be doubted that thoſe poor pretty Creatures muſt make a very ſorry Figure in Government and publick Offices, who appear ſo univerſally unqualified for the Adminiſtration of private Œconomy. But I fear I have proved this Matter too plainly to them; and therefore, not to give them the Pain of more ungrateful Truths on this Head, I ſhall follow whither *Sophia* leads me, that is to conſider,

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

What Capacity the Women *have for Sciences.*

I Cannot help being of the ſame Mind with the Duke of *Britany*, quoted by *Montagne* in his Eſſays; and every one in their right Senſes muſt think with us, that a *Woman* is learned enough in Conſcience, if ſhe can diſtinguiſh between her Huſband's Shirt and his Breeches. A ſeverer Imprecation cou'd ſcarce be utter'd againſt the lovely Sex, than to wiſh them Science-mad. 'Tis their pretty Fluency in Nonſenſe, and their bewitching Confidence in Ignorance, which give their Charms the Power of pleaſing us in the ſoft Moments, when, unbending the Mind from Study, we ſeek in their native Folly a Reſpite from Senſe and Speculation. But why ſhou'd we put them to the Pains of Learning, to entertain us with that Nonſenſe and Ignorance in ſeveral Languages? Why ſhould they be ſuffer'd to diſtract their poor tender Brains with hard Words and technical Terms: Is it not enough that they can clip and carve their own Mother Tongue into a Variety of Dialects, without obliging them to confound others into a Kind of mix'd Jargon, as unintelligible as the Converſation of *Negroes?*

I don't, however, pretend to diſpute their natural Genius for Words. It is undoubtedly to them we owe the Preſervation of that ancient and venerable Language, call'd *Gibberiſh*, which had long ſince been utterly loſt, but for their Care and Aſſiduity in cultivating it. It wou'd therefore be highly ungrateful,

ful, not to give them the Praiſe due to their excellent Talents in this Branch of Learning, eſpecially ſince we reap ſuch important Advantages from their Excellence in it. Without the Inſtructions of thoſe pretty jabbering Creatures, we ſhou'd be at a Loſs to converſe with our own Infants. Our Ignorance wou'd run us into the Dilemma of either frighting them with plain *Engliſh*, or reducing them to the Neceſſity of learning it much ſooner than the uſual Time, and even before they had gone through the politer Language of the Nurſery. How vulgar wou'd it be to hear an Infant ſay, *Pray Mother give your little Boy a Plumb!* Is it not infinitely more elegant to ſay, *pay Mamma div eeky Boy a Pum.* And how ſhou'd a Child ever be able to learn the latter preferably to the former, if the *Women* were not more induſtrious in teaching them than we are? Beſides, we are ſuch natural Dunces when put out of the Road of Senſe, that we ſhou'd never ſucceed in making Children reach the eloquent Unintelligible, ſo ſoon as they do under their preſent Teachers. For my own Part, I have been often in a Nurſery of young Children, and, tho' ever ſo attentive to their Converſation with one another, cou'd underſtand no more of their Meaning, than if they had been ſo many *Hottentots:* Tho' every *Woman* who came in, I found, was perfectly verſed in their Language. Well for me and them that they were ſo, or I am afraid I ſhou'd often have done Miſchief, but particularly once: Being where two or three Children were at play, on a ſudden I heard one of them cry, and more good natured than wiſe was offering to pacify it with theſe barbarous Words, *pretty Thing, what do you cry for?* But the Children were terribly frighten'd, and for aught I know had all fallen into Fits, at the Cannibal Sound, if a learned Woman in the Room had not interpreted my Meaning in familiar *Gibberiſh*, which it ſeems

runs

runs thus: *Peety Sing! did um ky, did um vets it, ſall um beat paw paw Man, div me a Bow den, dare, doe paw Man doe.* Theſe mellifluous Sounds quite tranquillized the little peeviſh Gentry, and quite convinced me of how great Importance it is to Mankind, that this feminine Science ſhould be kept up.

So far then from thinking the Ladies incapable of teaching, at leaſt this Branch of Knowledge, I am for moving the Legiſlature for the Eſtabliſhment of a Female Univerſity for that Purpoſe: And if I were not afraid of offending my fair Antagoniſt's great Modeſty, I would, with all due Submiſſion to higher Powers, propoſe her for Chancellor. One of the Profeſſors I have already in my Eye; 'tis a Lady who keeps a Female Academy in *Black-Fryars*. I was agreeably ſurprized, ſome Time ago, to find her excellent Talents, for ſuch a Purpoſe, diſplay'd on the very Board over her Door; where was written in golden Capitals theſe elegant Words, *Yong Ladis taut to ſpill and imbrawther*. Which by the niceſt Critics is tranſlated thus, *Young Ladies taught to ſpell and embroider*. But I have ſince had the Satisfaction to hear, that this Piece of antique Learning has brought her ſuch a Number of Scholars, that ſhe thinks it now beneath her to keep out a Board, convinced of the old Proverb, that *good Wine needs no Buſh*.

Nevertheleſs, I would not have *Gibberiſh* the ſole Affair of this Univerſity. No, I would have ſome taught to liſp a little *Engliſh*, and write it, however aſkew and unintelligibly. If I am not miſinform'd, there is a Lady now at work upon a new *Engliſh* Grammar, for the Uſe of the Fair-Sex; which in all Probability will take very much, as her chief View has been to ſave unneceſſary Trouble, by reducing the Work to a very conciſe Compaſs. Still ſhe has ſpared no Pains to make it of univeral Uſe

to the *Women*, and by the Strength of her Genius, and continued Application, she has abridg'd the whole Art of Grammar to four Parts of Speech, *Lisping*, *Mispelling*, *Noise*, and *Nonsense*. If my Scheme should take Effect, what a considerable Figure would this Lady make in an University-Chair!

I can by no Means however consent to the *Women*'s losing any Time in the Study of the Law. To complete a *Man* a Knave, it is absolutely necessary to make a Lawyer of him. But every *Woman* from her Cradle is by Nature a Lawyer in this Sense. They have all such finished Talents for lying, dissembling, cajoling, undermining, equivocating, and barefacedly cheating, that there is no Law, profane or sacred, which they cannot argue away or brazen out. 'Tis rather then a woful Shame, their Knowledge of this Kind has no Bridle put to it, than any Ways likely they should improve us or themselves by further Advances.

What a Disgrace to her Sex, and what a Bane to ours, is *Lolia*, with all her Jurisprudence. There is no tricking Attorney she has not out-trick'd, no sharping Counsellor she has not bit, and no both-sided Serjeant she has not outwitted. There's not a Court in *England* but she is versed in the Practice of it, and not a Quirk in it but she has made Use of. She has cozen'd a J——ge into open Perversion of the Law, and bilk'd him after all of the Premium of his Iniquity. She has forged away an eminent Knave's Ears without risking her own, and married away the Estate of an honest Dupe of Rank from his lawful Issue, to squander it away upon her own lawless Mongrel Offspring. Her greatest Praise is the having utterly ruined many, and greatly injured all she ever had to do with: The never having built upon one honest Plea, the numberless Suits she has had upon her Hands, and the having gain'd

gain'd many Cauſes without uſing any honeſt Means; tho' ſhe never loſt a ſingle one for want of any knaviſh Artifice in her Power. To ſum up the litigious Merit of this Machiavelian Lady in few Words; without ever poring over *Littleton* or *Coke*, there is no Law ſo plain which could any Ways concern her, but what ſhe has baffled by the Sanction of the Laws themſelves. So idle and needleſs is it for that Sex to ſtudy the Chicaneries of the Law, ſo eaſy is it for them without Study to be perfect in the Practice, and ſo pernicious is this Perfection in them to all who have any Concerns with them! I would therefore, for *Lolia*'s Sake, have all Matters of Law baniſhed the Fem ale Province under Pain of Death.

Indeed they may, if they think proper, erect a *Faculty* of their own, to give a Grace to the Miſchief they do with their *Noſtrums*. To qualify them for *Phyſicians*, there is nothing wanting but a Solemnity of Phiz, the Uſe of Spectacles, and a Profuſeneſs of unintelligible Jargon; tho' for the latter, Thanks to their propitious Stars, their natural Glibneſs of Tongue, and Fondneſs for hard Words, give them an admirable Diſpoſition.

For *Hiſtory* I think they have an uncommon Capacity: At leaſt one of the moſt noted Productions in that Kind, is thought to be the Work of a Female Genius. For though a Reverend Biſhop, in Compliance with the Modeſty of its real Author, was ſo kind to lend his Name to the celebrated Hiſtory of his own Times, it is believed by many that his Chaplain's old Grandmother had the chief Hand in it. In Politics and Novels too they are remarkable for excelling: Their Propenſity to intriguing qualifies them for the latter, and the former they are aſſiſted in, by Curioſity and the Gift of Tattle.

Novilia is an excellent News-Paper, which neither tires your Eyes, nor founds your Purſe: Your Ears are at all the Expence of your Information. There is not a Thing happens or can happen but ſhe knows or invents, unleſs there be too much Probability in it. She can ſettle the Affairs of all *Europe* with as great Facility as the Grounds in her Coffee-Pot; can carry on War with equal Reſolution; and has actually taken more Ships from *France* and *Spain* ſince the Rupture, than our Admirals and Privateers had Time to take, nay than thoſe Nations had to loſe. She has often communicated to me the important Conferences a certain Monarch had in Bed with his Wife. And if ſhe is not always right in her Accounts, it is owing to the impolitic Proceedings of the Miniſters of State. For to give her her due, in telling you what is done, ſhe only means to acquaint you with what ſhe thinks ought to be done. I would by all Means therefore have a Chair erected in the Female Univerſity, for the Inſtruction of ſuch *Women* as diſcover a Genius for Politics: But that they may be of ſome Uſe to the Public, I would humbly propoſe to the Government, to take off the Duty from all other News-Papers, and lay it upon theſe living *Gazettes*.

In the Chair, for the Education of ſuch as have a peculiar Talent for *Novels*, I would have the Works of the learned Authors Mrs. *Behn* and Mrs. *Manly* read, as the Standard of that Science; and as Impiety and Smut are conſiderable Branches of it, I would have thoſe Paſſages, which are the moſt remarkable for either, particularly inforced to the fair Students. I know no one happier for a communicative Faculty, in that Part of Literature, and therefore none likely to make a more able Profeſſor of it, than the witty *Saphira*; that ſurpriſing Genius, the firſt Eſſay of whoſe incomparable Pen

was

was cloſed in the ſprightly Parentheſes of Bawdy and Blaſphemy. The Lady, you muſt know, is a Freethinker by Profeſſion; but moſt firmly believes there is a God, becauſe Folks will have it there is none: Tho' ſhe can with a becoming Eaſe talk of him in as careleſs a Manner as ſhe does of the Devil, whom ſhe looks upon as a mere Fiction, and wiſhes ſhe had nothing to trouble her more than the Fears of Hell: For ſhe is very ſure God is too good to make ſuch a troubleſome Being, or ſuch a diſmal Place. As ſhe has, beſides theſe Accompliſhments, a tolerable Taſte for Poetry, ſhe may give her pretty Scholars a little Tincture of it, by reading to them Mrs. *Barber*'s FAMILY POEMS, unleſs ſhe ſhould think it more inſtructive to paraphraſe Mrs. *Behn*'s Piece upon *Enjoyment*.

If I miſtake not, *Sophia* diſclaims, in the Name of her whole Sex, the Privilege of interfering in Matters of Divinity: Tho' ſhe ſtill contends hard for their natural Aptneſs for it. What Commiſſion ſhe may have from her pretty Clients, to give up ſo conſiderable a Claim I know not. However, I am abſolutely of Opinion, that it becomes them full as well to hold forth on the Subject of Religion in a Church as in their Drawing-Rooms, in a Pulpit as at a Tea-Board; and both are as graceful in them as riding aſtride would be. What Schiſm ever rended the Church, which they have not had a principal Hand in? What Error ever crept in among Chriſtians which they have not been induſtrious to forward? What Point ſo abſtruſe in Religion which they are not for deciding? If they muſt be Chamber-Divines, why do they not even go farther, and ſeize the Church and Pulpit to? Why do they not copy after that female Pattern of Conſiſtency, *Dromonia?* This fleſhly Tabernacle of the Spirit hath wiſely thrown off all idle Forms, to preach the outward Man into the Arms of the inward one. Convinced of the Light within her, ſhe hath not buried

buried it under a Buſhel, at her Levee, but hath placed it on a Candleſtick in the Houſe of the Lord, that it may give Light unto all that are in it. And the Lord in Return hath ſo repleniſhed her with the Light of his Knowledge, that ſhe expoundeth the Scriptures without ceaſing, and burſteth not, albeit ſhe knoweth not how to read them. He hath made her a Picklock of Wiſdom, and given unto her a Key to open the greateſt Myſteries of the Revelations, and ſhew that there is no Myſtery in them; to unfold the Prophets as ſhe unfoldeth her Apron; and to expoſe the Evangeliſts as ſhe expoſeth herſelf. Nay, he hath given her a two-edged Tongue for a Snare, two rolling Eyes for a Bait; he hath added Claws unto her Fingers, and behold ſhe goeth forth like unto a Fiſher of *Men*, and ſpreads her ſnowy Arms like unto a Net. But the Spirit bloweth where it liſteth; and the Sons of the Fleſh will not bite at the Bait, nor be caught in the Net.

However unſucceſsful the Induſtry of this Female Divine is, I think ſhe is a living Proof of the Ability of that Sex for the Study of *Theology*. And therefore I am not againſt their erecting a Chair to teach, and appointing her the Profeſſor.

But I can by no Means give into their puzzling their little delicate Heads, with the more intricate Study of *Philoſophy* of any Sort. Every Branch of that is built upon Reaſon, and Reaſon they have nothing to do with. However as they have ſome faint Glimmerings of it, I don't pretend to ſay there will be any Harm in their gaining a little ſuperficial Smatch of ſome Trifles dependent on Philoſophy: Such as a few myſterious Terms, a ſmall Number of detach'd Sentences, and here and there a trite Experiment. Theſe will ſuffice to make any *Woman* as learned as ſhe need be, and theſe any *Woman* may pick up without much Coſt.

I was

I was lately entertain'd by one of your very learned Ladies in her Study, where I had the Opportunity, during a ſhort Space ſhe left me alone there, to take a Survey of her Library, and the choice Collection which had contributed to make her ſuch a Scholar. As I found it very curious, I was at the Pains of writing a Catalogue, which I ſhall here tranſcribe for the Benefit of all the Fair Lovers of polite Learning: So far am I from envying them any Opportunity of improving their Talents.

Her Books then ſtood in the following Order.

The *Atalantis*; a *Common-prayer-book* — *Rocheſter*'s *Poems*; *Preparation for Communion* — *Love's laſt Shift*; *Meditations on Death*—*A Patch-Box*—*Paradiſe loſt*; *the Art of being eaſy at all Times*—*Behn*'s *Novels*; *Whitefield*'s *Sermons* — *Ovid*'s *Art of Love*; *Advice of a Mother to her Son and Daughter*—*Petronius in Engliſh*; *a Bible* — *A Paper of Pins* — *A Thee-and-Thou Almanack*; *the Moral Philoſopher*; *the Pilgrim's Progreſs* — *Geography of Children*; *the Tatlers* — *A pocket Looking-glaſs*---*Dacier*'s *Homer*, *Engliſh*; *Perſian Tales*; *the Merry Jeſter*; *Eſſay on Midwifry* — In a Vacancy lay *Swift*'s *Dreſſing-Room*, with a Houſewife upon it ſtuff'd with Silks, and a Paper with *Spaniſh* Wool---The *Plain Dealer*; *Law*'s *Serious Call to a devout Life*---*Tale of a Tub*; *Dyche*'s *Spelling-Book* — *The Whole Duty of Man*; *the Art of getting beautiful Children*-----

After having given an Account of her Library, it is fit I ſhould give ſome Idea of its fair Owner. She has read a great Deal, and has a very good Memory; can talk incoherently in five ſeveral Languages; has tranſlated and even compoſed; is a Critic in Proſe and an Author in Verſe. But with all

all this deal of Learning and Memory, ſhe neither knows how to ſet her Cap ſtraight, nor can remember to buckle her Shoes; and is ſo blinded with poring over Books, as not to be capable of diſcerning the Difference of Shades, between a dirty Smock-ſleeve and a clean Apron. In ſhort, ſhe is too much taken up with the Dead, to mind any Decorums to the Living; and, but for the Sake of informing the latter, would ſcorn to converſe with them. While I was with her, a ſudden Itching in her Head put her in Mind that her Hair wanted combing. She ſubmits to the greaſy Taſk: But no ſooner had ſhe drawn the Comb half a dozen Times through her Hair, than a learned Flight ſeized hold of her Senſes; ſhe tucks up her Locks with irregular Haſte; and, taking Leave of me, hurries along the Street, without ſo much as taking Notice of the Surprize and Ridicule of the People ſhe paſs'd by, till ſhe came to her Bookſeller's, who could not have ſeen ſhe had been dreſſing her Head, but for the Nightrail ſhe had ſtill on her Shoulders. It muſt be owned, that if this Lady is a Scholar ſhe is a very ſluttiſh one; and the much ſhe reads is to very little Purpoſe, ſince it can make nothing better of her than a *bookiſh Slattern*. It is happy for her, and much more for our Sex, that ſhe is unmarried. A Man of Senſe muſt undoubtedly prefer to ſuch a learned Negligence, an ignorant Wife who can condeſcend to be cleanly, and ſtoop to be a little well-bred. For my Part, after ſeeing ſuch an Inſtance of the ill Conſequence of Literature in Women, I cannot but be of *Juvenal*'s Mind, as Mr. *Dryden* tranſlates him,

That *of all Plagues, the greateſt is untold*;
The Book-learn'd Wife, in Greek *and* Latin *bold.*
The Critic-Dame, who at her Table ſits,
Homer *and* Virgil *quotes, and weighs their Wits*;
And pities Dido's *agonizing Fits.*

She

She has so far th' Ascendant of the Board,
The prating Pedant puts not in one Word:
The Man of Law is nonplus's'd in his Suit;
Nay, ev'ry other female Tongue is mute.
Hammers and beating Anvils, you would swear,
And Vulcan *with his whole Militia's, there:*
Tabors and Trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
Ev'n Wit's a Burden, where it talks too long:
But she who has no Continence of Tongue,
Should walk in Breeches, and should wear a Beard,
And mix among the philosophic Herd.
O what a midnight Curse has he, whose Side
Is pester'd with a Mood and Figure Bride!
Let mine, ye Gods! (if such must be my Fate)
No Logic learn, nor History translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble Fool:
I hate a Wife to whom I go to School,
Who climbs the Grammar Tree, distinctly knows
Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows;
Corrects her Country Neighbour; and abed,
For breaking Priscian's, *breaks her Husband's Head.*

Neither *Juvenal* nor I deny that *Women* may acquire some superficial Learning: All we contend for is, that it is ever ill bestowed upon them, inasmuch as it renders them useless to their own Sex, and a Nuisance to ours; of which the Lady whose Portraiture I have just given is a signal Proof. If *Sophia* should bring me a few Instances out of the common Rule, what will she get by it? I grant, that *Greece* has shewn its *Sappho*, *Rome* her *Cornelia*, *France* has produced a *Dacier*, *Holland* has brought forth a *Schurman*, *Italy* a Doctress; and, more blest than all, *England* now boasts an *Eliza* and a *Sophia:* What then? Are seventy Instances, though seventy times seven times doubled, in upwards of five thousand and seven Years, sufficient to

prove a general Capacity in *Women* for Knowledge and Learning? Would my fair Antagoniſt think Horſes a fit Party for her at *Quadrille*, if I ſhould inſtance ſome of that Species which have been Dabs at *Put?* Or, would ſhe like to be confined to the Converſation of Parrots, becauſe many of them can talk a great deal? No: Neither can we deem the *Women* fit Aſſociates for us in the Study of Sciences, becauſe a few have had a tolerable Smattering of them. But let us proceed to view them in another Light in the following Queſtion.

CHAP. VI.

Whether Women *are naturally qualified for Military Offices, or not?*

IDLE as I think this Queſtion, it is neceſſary to take it into a Minute's Conſideration, in Complaiſance to my fair Adverſary, who is diſpoſed to think it of Importance. Indeed, in one Senſe, I am of her mind: for I cannot help wiſhing, for the Good of my own Sex, that the *Women*, however unqualified for military Exploits, were obliged to engage in all the Wars, Civil Diſſentions, Family Feuds, and bloody Broils, they are the original Authors of; ſince, in all Probability, their natural Averſion to Danger would have made them leſs forward to expoſe us to it. I would have every jilting Coquet, who prides herſelf in meaſuring the Love of her Dupes by the Length of their Swords, be compelled to act the Part of a *Second* in the Fray. And as for thoſe Ladies who have Pride and Pretineſs enough to ſet their Families on cutting one another's

another's Throats, to involve their Country in Civil Diſcord, or to ſet Nations at a bloody Strife; I would have them ſingled out, like ſo many *Curatiæ* and *Horatiæ*, to decide the Diſpute with their own Blood, and ſpare unneceſſary Slaughter. Thus, knowing themſelves doomed to heal at their own Coſt the Miſchiefs of their own making, they would be leſs fond of Diſcord, or we ſhould be leſs the Victims of it. But to expect them to expoſe their pretty Carcaſes to Perils or Hardſhips for the Safety of their Country, the Good of the Public, or the Defence of Virtue, would be requiring Impoſſibilities from them. Magnanimity, as an illuſtrious Author obſerves, was never expected from that puſillanimous Sex. Each Sex, indeed, has its Perfections; but Greatneſs of Soul was never numbered among feminine Accompliſhments. Nature from the Beginning fixed an eſſential Difference between *Man* and *Woman*, not more in Strength of Body than of Mind; and, though ſhe gave them both ſome Virtues not unlike in Appearance, yet ſhe diſtributed thoſe Virtues between them in very unequal Shares. What is the utmoſt Strength of *Woman*, but the Struggle of Imbecillity? What her greateſt Bravery, but Cowardice made deſperate?

And yet I will not pretend to ſay, that every *Woman* is a Coward; or that any of them are always ſuch: No; *Women* can be ſometimes fearleſs; but that is only when Vice inſpires their Valour. And then what is it they cannot do or dare? For, as Mr. *Dryden* ſays after *Juvenal*,

Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue *cold*;
But Womankind in Ills *are ever bold.*

Tremula is as tender a Lady, and as eaſily ſcared, as any I know of her whole Sex: Too pretty to tread the Ground in a vulgar Manner, ſhe cannot

ſtand, though it ſhould be to ſave her Huſband from Ruin; much leſs can ſhe walk the enormous Length of a Room, unleſs ſhe has a *Man* to lean upon, or the Happineſs to forget herſelf. Muſic, indeed, has a miraculous Effect on the harmonious Creature: it can ſolidate her too ſupple Sinews, and give her Force to foot it, without fainting, for four and twenty Hours together; though her Joints are naturally ſo very weak, that ſhe can ſeldom ſucceed to take two Steps and a half without tripping. I myſelf have known her laid up with a Cold for the whole Winter, by raſhly venturing croſs a boarded Entry to her Coach, before the Maid could ſpread the Carpet, for all her Huſband had warmed her Clogs very carefully: And at this very Time is dangerouſly ill of a Toothache, which ſhe got by inconſiderately going one Night to the Play without Ear-rings. What makes the Danger greater is, that ſhe cannot be bled: The Sight of a Lancet would throw her into a Swoon; and her Fits are frequent enough, without ſeeking Occaſions to make them more ſo. She is always in a Panic at beſt: For, conſcious to herſelf of being ſomething very precious, ſhe never thinks herſelf thoroughly ſafe. The Buz of a Gnat will awake her from the profoundeſt Dream of Tranquillity; the Ruſtling of her own Silks has often ſet her on trembling; and, in another Perſon's Houſe, ſhe has fainted away at the Sight of her own ſweet Self in a Glaſs, before ſhe had Time to recollect the dear Idol's Features. All edge Tools ſhe has an utter Dread of; two croſs Knives are ſufficient Matter at any time to metamorphoſe the fearful Thing into an aſpin Leaf: Her Huſband's Sword, though as harmleſs as *Harlequin*'s Sabre, ſhe can tolerate no where but at his Side; and one Day finding him, as ſhe came into his Cloſet, with a Razor in his Hand, ſhe fairly fell back into the Arms of the Footman; and what would

would have been the Conſequence I cannot ſay, if *Richard* had not unlaced her, while his Maſter went after the Houſekeeper for her Lady's Drops. So delicate and fearful is pretty *Tremula:* And yet, averſe as I am to Hazards, I would venture an even Wager of a ſmall Matter, that if *Richard* had the Senſe to feel her Pulſe, and gueſs at her Conſtitution, he might enable her to walk three or four Miles to an Aſſignation of Miſchief, in the darkeſt Night, without Fear of meeting in the Way a Bear, or a Bug-aboe; if I may be allowed this female Elegance.

And why not? *Viragina* is as ſlender and delicate to Appearance as herſelf; and yet ſhe can do that and more. Strong and ſtout as the talleſt Officers in our Standing Army, Horſe or Foot, ſhe can leap a five-barr'd Gate, keep at the Heels of a Fox, and ſet a Buck at Bay, with the beſt of them. She can turn her Horſe adrift, take her Dog and her Gun on a Winter's Day, and, without Fear of Colds or Catarrhs, ramble Miles in the Dirt, to a ſolitary Coppice, in Purſuit of her Game. No Weather can keep her at home, and no Dangers can fright her from venturing abroad. In the Country ſhe can ſtrole a whole Day, from Cover to Cover, after a Brace of Woodcocks; and, Moon or no Moon, can trapes all Night through thick and thin, from Village to Village, after a ſingle Fidler. In Town ſhe is as undaunted; can ſwagger at a Card-table, riot at a Tavern, and ramble through the Streets from Bagnio to Bagnio, with as much Security in a Hack as in her own Coach; and that at Hours when the honeſter Part of Watchmen are ſcarce ſafe. Nevertheleſs, it cannot be ſaid, that this Lady is vigorous and undaunted alike in every thing: No; in every thing that is good and commendable, ſhe is all Impotence and Panic; and would be full as feeble and fearful as *Tremula* herſelf,

ſelf, even in theſe her favourite Amuſements, if the Toil and Danger of them ſhould once aſſume the Face of Virtue. It is Miſchief then, dear, dear Miſchief, which inſpires *Viragina* to be ſo vigorous, and act ſo valiantly. Vice and Miſchief alone are capable of making that Sex ſummon all its latent Strength, and forget all its Fears. Inſtigated by Evil, what will they not hazard? Vice ſhall make a *Thaleſtris* equal to the Labour of rambling after an *Alexander*; make *Sheba*'s Queen overlook the Dangers of a long and unknown Road; and humble an Empreſs, *Meſſalina*, a *Roman* Empreſs, to walk the Streets. Every *Woman* is a *Hippia*, preſt in the Liſts of Virtue; ſlow, impotent, and heartleſs, ſcared by an Atom, fainting at a Roſe. But place the Goal of Vice, or Standard of Iniquity, within their Reach, all Volunteers of Sin and Luſt, they will hurry to it with the utmoſt Eagerneſs; forſake their Huſbands, the tendereſt of Huſbands, forget their Chidren, Parents, Blood and Friends, dare foaming Seas, ſnuff Pitch and Tar, feed on Carrion with a Guſt, lie hard, work harder, and go through all ſufferable Woes, to gain the Point in View.

Can it then be denied, that ſome *Women* have Strength and Courage enough to qualify them for military Offices? And yet what *Paſchal* ſays, in his Political Maxims, is ſtill true. "Nothing is more "certain, than that the Fair Sex is not only weak "and unequal to Toil, but even, if Truth is no "Treaſon, as impotent as they are cruel-minded, "ambitious, and greedy of Power; which they "are to ſuch an Exceſs, that they know no Mode-"ration in their Diſorders, when, ſhameleſs enough "to herd with Warriors, they expoſe themſelves "to public View at the Head of Armies, range "Troops, march with a Regiment at their Tail, "and value themſelves upon their own Dexterity

"in

" in all military Exercises: Though, when I see " any such forward *Woman*, I cannot help think- " ing I see a Monkey aping the Actions of a " Man." And, in reality, what can be more ridiculous or indecent? Is it not full as unseemly a Sight, to behold a *Woman* giving the Word of Command to her Troops, leading them up to Combat in Battle Aray, and giving them the Signal of Onset, as to see a *Man* knotting, knitting, handlind a Distaff, or embroidering his Wife's Petticoat? The Reason is, that every thing unnatural and out of Character is offensive, and therefore wrong. And what appears and is, in a valiant *Man*, Gallantry, Bravery, and Sturdiness, is, in a forward *Woman*, Madness, Arrogance, and Cruelty; as, on the contrary, what makes a *Woman* elegant, makes a *Man* deformed; as the Dress and Ornaments which add Grace and Dignity to her Beauty, but serve to make him a finical, pragmatic, enervate Coxcomb. It is no Praise then, but rather a Disgrace, to any of that soft Sex to be qualified for military Offices. For, as the same learned Writer observes, the more their natural Weakness is a Curb to their violent Sallies of Imagination and Whim, so, when they give a Loose to Libertinism, the greater Lengths are they sure to run, and with the more Difficulty are they brought back to their former Modesty, if ever they are. And such of them as are something more robust and dauntless than the Generality, are but the more dangerous Evils for being so; inasmuch as their Impetuosity of Temper is ever more furious. So that when once a *Woman*, impatient of her Sex, throws off the soft Character which is properly hers, she will never fail to carry her Insolence beyond the Bounds which even *Men* of any Sense fix to their Boldness.

And yet I do not believe it absolutely impossible for a *Woman* to have a true Courage, animated by real

real Virtue; but I look upon such a *Woman* as a Miracle, out of the common Course of Nature. As such I consider the immortal *Boadicea*; and as such I profoundly revere the more immortal *Sophia*, when she tells us, that she *could, with more Ease, and less Repugnance, dare the Frowns and Fury of an already victorious Army, which she had Forces to resist, than she could stoop to court the Smiles of a corrupt Minister whom she had Reason to despise.* Sentiments so like my own compel me to believe her, though a Woman; and I admire (I had almost said adore) her for them. Words are but Words at best, and hers are no more: But the Spirit they are uttered with is a Proof to me of their being the Overflowings of a Heart capable of the Execution. But will *Sophia* pretend to say, there are many *Women* like her in this particular; or that the Bulk of *Womankind* are not pusillanimous Things? If the Sun halted once at the valiant *Joshua*'s Word of Command, must its Course be interrupted for every impertinent Bully? And if virtuous Courage has taken a Seat in one *Woman*'s Breast, shall all the heartless Generation lay a Claim to the Extra-privilege? No; Miracles allowed for, Timidity, like all other Defects of *Men*, is an ornamental Perfection in *Women*, and inseparable, in some Degree or other, even from those *Virago Dames* who launch out of Nature into Affectation.

I will agree with my fair Antagonist so far, that *The Virtuous are always timid*; but can draw no Conclusion thence in Favour of her Sex, till she makes it appear, that *the Timid are always virtuous*. The contrary to which I have already so plainly instanced in those little heartless pretty Mischiefs, that I need add nothing more to convince a rational Creature, that the *Women* are as little qualified for military Employments of Honour, Trust, or Importance, as they are for every other Office in Life, except

except that for which they were given us, that is, the Propagation of human Nature.

CONCLUSION.

FROM what I have hitherto ſaid it muſt appear, to all who have the leaſt Degree of Underſtanding, that if the Merit of *Women* be weighed by the End of their Production, and the Circumſtances attending it, by their natural Capacity, and the Practice they have applied it to in all Ages, by the living Variety of Inſtances of their Folly, Inconſiſtency, Impotence in Good, and Propenſity to Evil, they are not only wide of the Perfection of *Man*, but even almoſt infinitely beneath him. So that far from having any juſt Title, or even plauſible Pretence, to claim an Equality of Power, Dignity, and Eſteem with him; the very Privileges they enjoy, can only be looked upon as ſo many Inſtances of his Generoſity to them.

If we trace their Conduct through every Age, and conſider it in all Lights, we ſhall find them every where, even in their ſeeming Differences, the ſame; emptily vain, fooliſhly conceited, and ambitiouſly groveling; at once covetous and extravagant, to Extremes; reſtleſs even to Indolence, and falſe in their very Fits of Fondneſs; in their Hatred cruel, in their Love laſcivious; and then moſt treacherous, when moſt induſtrious to ſhew Sincerity. What elſe do we find in *Women* but the Bane of Friendſhip, an inevitable Pain, a native Temptation, a deſirable Calamity, a domeſtic Snare, a flattering Miſchief, the very Eſſence of Evil, under the Semblance of Good? If then there is a heinous Crime in diſmiſſing them when ours, it

muſt ſurely be own'd as heavy a Grievance to be forced to retain them, though uncertain of their being only ours. And yet ſuch the hapleſs Dilemma *Man* is reduced to, when tied to that frail Toy a *Woman:* In danger of becoming an Adulterer if he diſmiſſes her, or of harbouring an Adultreſs if he keeps her.

Nevertheleſs, it muſt be owned, that *Woman*, though eſſentially an Evil, is a neceſſary one; but then ſo much the more burdenſome is ſhe for being ſo; ſince what is moſt endearing in her, makes our Danger the more imminent, and our only Security is in what muſt render her intolerable. The *Man* who weds a beautiful *Woman*, meaſures a Mark for every *Libertine*'s Lechery; but he who marries a plain one, marries Lechery itſelf: The former will find it an arduous Taſk to preſerve inviolated his private Property in the Object of public Luſt; and how wretched muſt be the Fate of the latter, to be confined to the Society of one, whom none elſe wou'd condeſcend to couple with! However, upon the whole, there may be, perhaps, much leſs Miſery annex'd to the Poſſeſſion of a homely Wife, than to the Difficulty of keeping a handſome one chaſte: But ſtill it is plain there is a Miſery in both.

Well then might *Cato* ſay, that "but for *Woman* "the World wou'd be without Woe, and the ce- "leſtial Beings wou'd delight to mingle their Con- "verſation with ours." It is well remark'd by a learned Author, that *Cato* ſpoke not by gueſs, but from his own fatal Experience. And who better qualified to give a proper Idea of the Artifices of thoſe common Miſchiefs, than one who was himſelf the Dupe of them? Their Vices and Follies alike are carried to ſuch an Exceſs, that nothing cou'd make them credible but Conviction; and nothing but Experience cou'd juſtify the Belief of it.

But *Cato* had the Trial; and, to his Sorrow, found the fair deluſive Flower of *Venus* like the ſoft, ſilky, touch-enſnaring Roſe, beneath whoſe beauteous baneful Bloſſom lies many a pointed Thorn.

But I forget, *Cato* is no Oracle with *Sophia:* Nor would he be ſuch with me, was he particular in his Opinion of the Fair Sex. But ſurely all can never be miſtaken: And do not all, who bear the Character of wiſe, agree, that *Women* are the Shuttlecocks of Vice and Folly, Impotence and Eagerneſs; the Dupes of others Paſſions, and jilted by their own? Do not all Writers, ſacred and profane, without comparing Notes, combine in painting them falſe as they are fair, and ſilly as they are ſweet; artful in modeſt Guiſe, and impudent when lewd; treacherous, ambitious, Slaves to Avarice, the Foes of Reaſon, and never Friends to Thought, but when they think on Miſchief. If *Seneca* may be believed, *A* Woman *never muſes by herſelf, but ſhe is muſing on ſome Wickedneſs.* And if we diſcredit him, we muſt diſcredit all who have ever ſtooped to write about them: For all are of his Mind, and all conſider them at beſt as flattering, pleaſing, deſirable Evils. *Democritus* was ſo convinced of this, that, being queſtioned, *why he, who was himſelf ſo big, had married a Wife ſo little*; he anſwered, *Methinks*, ſays he, *as it is, I have choſen too big a one, when all I had to chooſe was Evil.* But *Protagoras* went farther ſtill; no Evil, according to him, exceeds that Evil, *Woman.* What made him give his Daughter in Marriage to his mortal Enemy? Aſk him, and take his Reaſon from himſelf: *I gave her to him*, ſays he, *becauſe I could give him nothing worſe.*

I ſhould never have done, were I to give a Liſt of all the Sages in every Age who have thought like them. But what Occaſion have we for the Authority of others to confirm a Truth our own Eyes

are daily Witneſſes to? Let us look round the Female World; what ſhall we find but Weakneſs of Head, and Corruption of Heart, intolerable Trifling, or deſtructive Induſtry? A giddy Tribe of uſeleſs Things, made up of Noiſe and Nonſenſe, Envy, Malice, Impertinence, and Shew; mere Murderers of Time, averſe to all that is good, and prone to all that is naught; proud only of what ſerves to humble them, and never humble but when it is baſe to be ſo; and but a fairer Kind of Fiends diſguiſed in Angels Dreſſes, whoſe Actions are the beſt Antidote to the Poiſon of their Charms? Here their inſatiable Incontinence renders their Beauty ſhocking; there their Modeſty is meant a Cover to their own Luſt, and an Incentive to yours; in one Houſe, you ſee a pretty, fooliſh, lifeleſs, moving Statue, in another, a homely, bookiſh, pert, prating Doctreſs, a Retailer of Criſs-croſs Sentences, whoſe Brain is a mere Lottery-wheel of Senſe and Nonſenſe, drawn alike by Chance, five hundred Blanks to one Prize, of no Worth when examined; in a third, you meet with a houſewifely Shrew, a ſober Slut, an ignorant Cypher, a goſſiping Politician, or a learned Slattern; in a fourth, a litigious Cheat, a Virago, Bully, or Phantom frighted at the Crow of a Cock: And every where you are ſure to find an inconſiſtent Set of fickle Creatures, never for a Minute themſelves, but when moſt unlike us, and neareſt being unlike themſelves, and never ſteady in any thing but Folly, Vice, and Fickleneſs.

How unlike are theſe pretty Little-more-than-nothings to that lordly Creature, whoſe Superiority of Merit, as well as Power and Prerogative, their impotent Ambition to be like him might alone ſuffice to convince them of, had they but one Degree of Underſtanding more than they have! *Man*, created by God to rule this vaſt Univerſe, was by his

his Maker endowed with a Soul equal to the Taſk. His Body is ſtrong, his Mind vigorous, and his Heart reſolute; his Underſtanding is fitted for the moſt ſublime Speculations, and his Perſon for the moſt hardy and important Exerciſes. He can dive into the inmoſt Secrets of Nature without loſing himſelf; and has Art enough to copy her nobleſt Works, and to improve the great Original. He wants neither Fancy to invent, nor Genius to contrive. With Quickneſs to apprehend, and Memory to retain, he has Judgment to diſcern; and can, by diſtinguiſhing and comparing different Ideas, form the greateſt Deſigns. Happy in a Genius for the moſt glorious Enterprizes, he has both Courage and Conduct ſufficient to execute them. For he is not only qualified by his intellectual Capacity to be greatly wiſe, but naturally prompted to be truly good. In ſhort, Virtue and Wiſdom are the Epitome of his Character, where *Woman* interferes not to corrupt it. If there are a few degenerate Creatures, who anſwer not this Character, they are ſuch only as by converſing with *Womankind*, putting on their Foibles, and, affecting to be like them, degrade themſelves of Manhood, commence intellectual Eunuchs, and deſerve no more to be reputed of the ſame Sex with us. But ſtill the Bulk of Men were deſigned by Nature to be both greatly wiſe and eminently good. And there are as many Inſtances to prove theſe Characteriſtics in the *Men*, as there are in *Women* to prove their Want of them, and natural Incapacity for them.

How many *Men* might we not point out, whom but to name would force that daring Sex to own the little Claim they have to equal Merit with that noble Creature, though all the female Train ſhould club their ſeveral Worths to match it. To know what *Man* is capable of being, examine what he really is when perfect: And to gain a true Idea of

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all *Mens* real Merit, view any *Man* in whom all manly Virtues are blended.

Philanthropus is ſuch; admired, eſteemed, beloved by all who know him, and loving all Mankind. Majeſtic in his Perſon, of a lively Underſtanding, and of Manners gracious, affable, and ſincere, he is ever cheerful, never light; ever preſent to his Company, never abſent to himſelf; his Voice all Harmony, his Words all Senſe; his Actions anſwer to his Mien, and what he looks he is; diſcreetly daring, modeſt with becoming Boldneſs, ſprightlily ſedate, eaſy without Levity, ſolid without Solemnity, good by approved Principle, and wiſe by Parts anticipating Experience; his Virtue not ſtiffened by Auſterity, nor his wiſdom foiled by any Fondneſs of ſhewing it; never elated by Proſperity, Adverſity cannot depreſs him; always ſerene in every Viciſſitude of Life, not from Inſenſibility, but from Thought, Reſolution, and conſcious Worth; grateful to his Maker, he has nothing ſo much at Heart as the true Intereſts of Religion, which he is inceſſantly ſtudious to cultivate in himſelf, and frequently happy enough to promote in others. His unblemiſhed Conduct proves him the Chriſtian he profeſſes to be: In him, Faith free from Bigottry and Superſtition, Zeal according to Knowledge, Godlineſs without Oſtentation or Severity, and Devotion without Enthuſiaſm, give Piety ſuch an amiable Aſpect, as makes the Practice of it inviting. Thus bleſt, thus happy, thus worthy to be ſo, ſo far is he from taking Pride in any Advantages he poſſeſſes above others, that he looks on them as the common Property of all. Nor is he more anxious to communicate thoſe Advantages to others, than ſure to ſhare in their Miſeries, by a generous Fellow-feeling of their Misfortunes. The Widow has a Protector in him, the Orphan a Father; the Wretched find him their Relief,

Relief, and all who are in Diſtreſs, or under Oppreſſion, their Advocate, Support, and Defence. He never thinks himſelf ſo rich, as when a poor Man ſhares with him his Fortune. His Endeavours to ſurpaſs others in Goodneſs, never hinder him from labouring to make them even better than himſelf; and he never approves his own Wiſdom, but when it helps him to make others wiſe, or to diſcover ſome Excellence in them. The Good are ever ſure of his Eſteem, the Sage of his Admiration, and both of his Love and Praiſe: For no Merit eſcapes his Acknowledgment which reaches his Knowledge, as no Demerit incurs his Scorn or Hatred, though it cannot elude his Penetration. To the Gift of knowing how to applaud the Deſerving, without putting them out of Countenance, he joins the Talent of reaſoning or laughing others out of their Follies and Foibles, without expoſing or offending them; ever ſure to gain a Friend by the Worth he rewards, never in danger of making an Enemy by the Vice he diſcountenances. The Fooliſh he is induſtrious to direct, and is indefatigable, as well in informing the Ignorant as in reforming the Wicked. Thoſe whom he can better, he always encourages; and thoſe whom he cannot, he pities, but never condemns; not more liberal of juſt Commendation, than ſparing of deſerved Cenſure. He is juſt to the niceſt Point of Honour, and ſets no other Bounds to Benevolence than Prudence prefixes. Glad of Advice, he is not forward to give it, nor conceited enough to offer it unaſked, but where it is a Charity to do ſo: And when he does give it, his Counſels are honeſt, open, and perſuaſive, the Torch of Reaſon, and the Flame of Friendſhip; his Encomiums are pathetic, emulative, and inſinuating, the Spur of Virtue, though the Curb of Pride; and his Reproofs gentle, yet piercing, calm, but reſolute, ſerious, though ſoothing;

ſoothing; candid, and yet ſo piquing, that every Haughtineſs muſt ſtoop, and Obſtinacy itſelf ſubmit to Rule. Skilled in every Science, verſed in many Languages, and Maſter of every Elegance, his Learning ſerves not to make him arrogant, nor his Eloquence to make him talkative. In a Word, ſuch Judgment, Propriety, Energy, Dignity, and Grace, combine to dictate all he ſays, and inſpire all he does, that Envy itſelf conſiders him as a finiſhed Pattern of manly Perfection; a good Chriſtian, a complete Gentleman, a uſeful Friend, a prudent Perſon, and indulgent Huſband; good even where Goodneſs ſeems fruitleſs, and wiſe even in a Choice where Wiſdom has but the left Hand of Chance, the Election of a Wife.

Angelica, the fair, the charming, lovely *Angelica*, is the bleſſed Object of this happy Choice. In her Perſon is all Beauty, Softneſs, Eaſe, and Delicacy. Nature, in a Strife of Grandeur, faſhioned her, to ſhew how far the Charms of ocular Perfection could be carried. And then, ſhe is good beyond what Fancy can conceit of *Woman*, and wiſe enough to copy from her Huſband ſuch Accompliſhments as may be molded into female Virtues: Yet her Virtue neither renders her formal nor cenſorious; and her Senſe but ſerves to make her eaſily reſerved, and modeſtly free. Her only Pride is, to enrich her Mind with ſuch uſeful Knowledge as may complete her a perfect Mother, Wife, and Friend. Without the Ambition to appear learned, ſhe has gained a ſufficient Tincture of the Sciences, to make herſelf an agreeable Companion to her Huſband and all who converſe with her: Though, whenever ſhe treats of Learning, it is in a Manner which ſhews rather a Deſire of receiving Information, than a Conſciouſneſs of being able to afford it. The Books ſhe reads are ſuch only as can aſſiſt her Judgment, and refine her Morals, the Choice

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of which ſhe ever depends upon her Huſband for: And them ſhe never ſuffers to break in upon the eſſential Duties of her Station; for Study is only the Occupation of her leiſure Hours, not the Buſineſs of her Life. Her chief Care is, to pleaſe and be uſeful to her Lord; to nurſe her Children, to educate them in Virtue, and to inſtill into them, by her Precepts and Example, an early Averſion to Vice, Folly, Idleneſs, and Trifling. And the next to this is the Œconomy and Government of her Family; in which, with ſenſible Subordination to her Huſband, ſhe is abſolute Miſtreſs, without being imperious, frugal without Meanneſs, hoſpitable without Prodigality, and neat without Affectation. She can manage her domeſtic Affairs without neglecting the Service of her Friends. Ever aſſiduous to oblige, ſhe has the Art of doing it without making an Obligation a Burden. The Poor, the Sick, the Impriſoned, and Diſtreſſed, all look upon her as a common Mother; and that truly Chriſtian Piety, which gives Life to all ſhe does or thinks, inſpires her with Means to aſſiſt them all, which ſhe does without the leaſt exterior Oſtentation or inward Vanity. Thus free from every Vice, ſhe is deficient in no one commendable Quality her Sex can be capable of, but that of Forgiving Enemies; which ſhe cannot practiſe, for want of Foes to forgive: For, reſpectful to thoſe above her, courteous to her Equals, affable to her Dependents, and beneficent to all, ſhe reigns the Object of juſt Admiration, Reſpect, and Eſteem, in every Heart, and forces Envy itſelf to wiſh for her Friendſhip.

Such is *Angelica*, and ſuch the Height of *womaniſh* Perfection, as near to that of *Man*, as *Womens* lovely Faces in a Glaſs appear to *them*. All that is wanting is the Life, the Truth, the Reality. Still lifeleſs and feeble as their Merit is, compared

with manly Worth, how happy might not *Man* eſteem himſelf, if each *Philanthropus* among *Mankind* had an *Angelica* to match with! But ſuch a one is too delicate a Work for Nature to produce in every Century: It is like a Phœnix, the Prodigy of an Age; and ſuch a Miracle of Completeneſs but ſerves to make the reſt of the Sex more contemptible by Compariſon, as *Michael*, painted with the rebel Angels, ſhews the Fiends more frightful.

Let *Women* then give up their Claim to an Equality with the *Men*, and be content with the humble Station which Heaven has allotted them. If their Souls are great enough to aſpire to our Eſteem, let them learn from *Angelica* to be more deſerving, and leſs aſſuming. And ſince neither their Capacity of Head, nor their Diſpoſitions of Heart, can lift them to emulate, let them apply their little Talents at leaſt to imitate us; that, pleaſed with the pretty Mimics of ourſelves, we may venture to place them in our Boſoms, without Fear of cheriſhing a Viper there. Let them remember, that *Man* holds his Superiority over them by a Charter from Nature in his very Production; a Charter confirmed by Heaven; to annul which a bare Equality of Perfection with him would not ſuffice, could they prove it. And nothing can juſtify their calling that Charter in Queſtion, till they are able to prove even a Superiority over him.

F I N I S.